GENE SIMMONS
Tongue
SPRING 2002
SEX ★ STYLE ★ ROCK 'N' ROLL
PREMIERE ISSUE
FRED DURST
UNMASKED
THE BOY WHO WOULD BE ACE FREHLEY
DONNA D'ERRICO
RETURN OF A BAYWATCH BOMBSHELL
DEEP TROUBLE WITH
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SUPERMODEL
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the CULT of HEF
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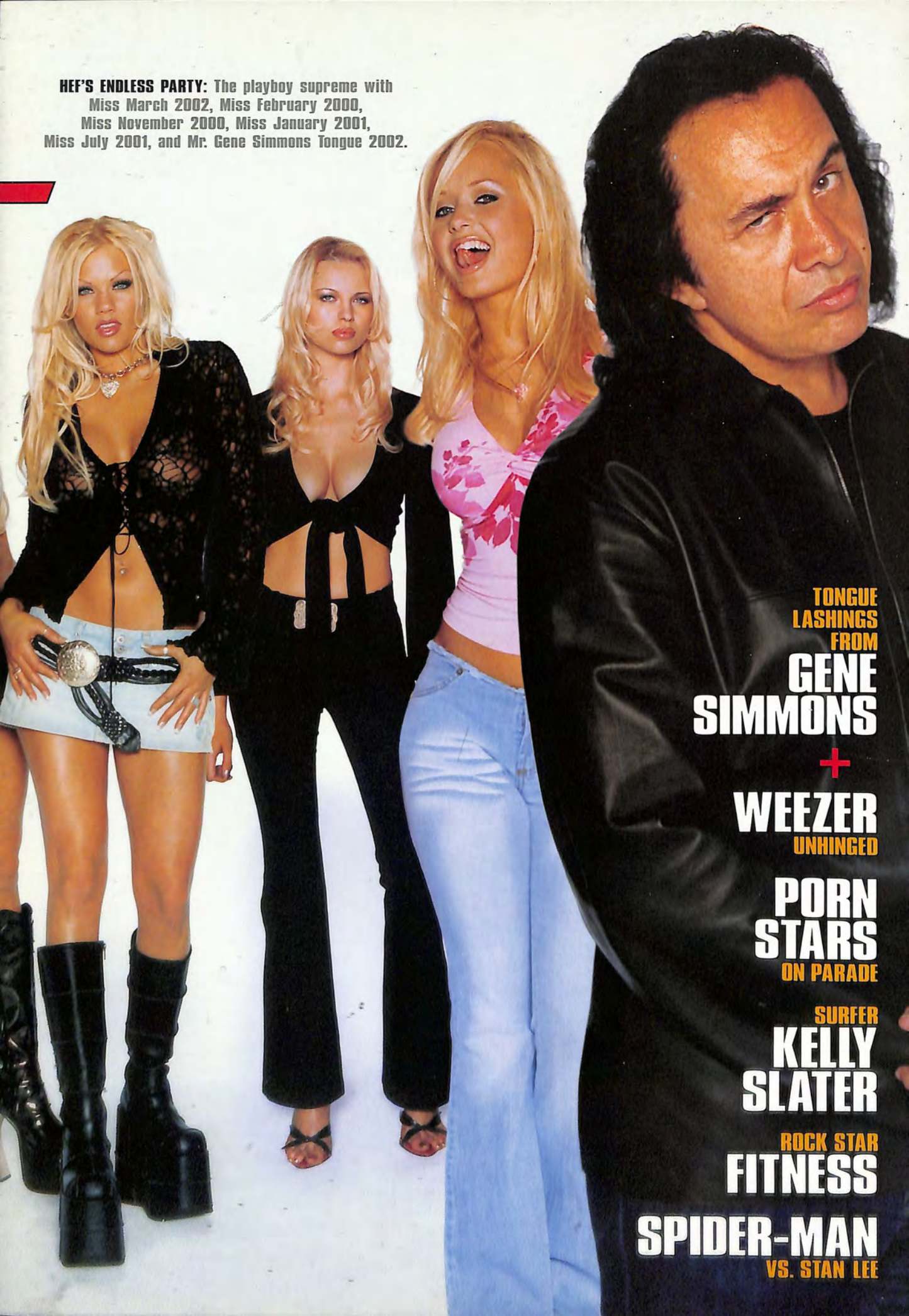

HEF'S ENDLESS PARTY: The playboy supreme with Miss March 2002, Miss February 2000, Miss November 2000, Miss January 2001, Miss July 2001, and Mr. Gene Simmons Tongue 2002.

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SET LIST

FEATURES

22 **The HUGH HEFNER Cult** Finding nirvana at the Playboy Mansion. A conversation with playman Gene Simmons.

30 **PHONE TAG** Chasing rocker TOMMY LEE on the road and into the sack.

36 Sexy spells from real life witch **FIONA HORNE**, or why frolicking naked in the woods never sounded better.

40 **VALLEY OF THE DOLLS** Behind the scenes at the Adult Video News Expo, and a hands-on look at some very talented PORN STARS.

52 **UNMASKED: Fred Durst** Keeping Limp Bizkit afloat while planning a real Hollywood invasion. Confessions from the boy who would be Ace Frehley.

58 *Roswell* actress **MAHANDRA DELFINO** falls to earth and records her long-awaited debut album.

46

DONNA D'ERRICO
A *Baywatch* bombshell steps back into the spotlight and into something more comfortable.

FASHION

60 **HIGHWAY TO HECK** Two models and a bearded biker let it all hang out in black leather and denim.

68 **FUNKY CHAPEAU** Getting naked with Ivy Supersonic.

70 **GIRLS OF THE SUNSET STRIP** The world's sexiest waitresses and bartenders are ready to serve you.

74 **GADGETS** All the cool stuff rock stars and 007 never leave home without.

GENE SIMMONS Tongue

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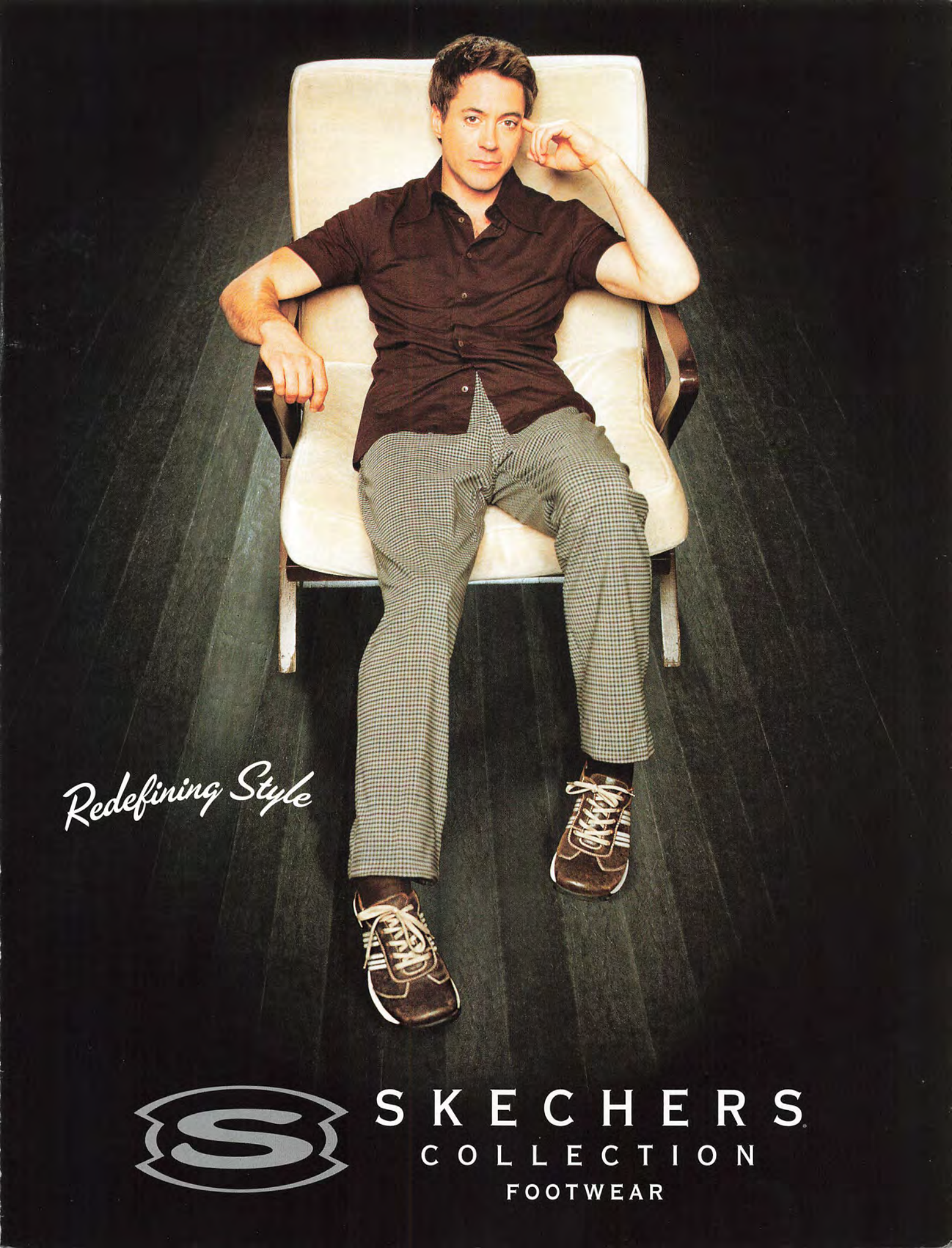
Redefining Style
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COLLECTION
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SET LIST

FIRST LICKS

8 Elvis Presley's Karate Habit, Kid Rock's Kid Sister, Celebrity Motorcycle Crashes, Girl Fighting, Toilet Seats to the Stars, Robots on Stage, Rock Star Work-Out, In Too Deep with Eric Balfour, Beer Hound, Scary Masks.

DEPARTMENTS

11 **FORKED TONGUE** The sweet science of eating S'Mores pastry. Embrace the fatness.

16 **TONGUE LASHINGS** Behold Citizen Gene. Our founder on the launching of a new publishing empire.

18 **CALLING DR. LOVE** Sexpert Carrie Borzillo-Vrenna tells you how all the pieces fit. Plus, sex tips from the stars.

80 **FOREIGN TONGUE** The best clubs around the world. This issue: Falling overboard at *Batofar* in Paris.

BACKSTAGE

78 **TONGUE 'N' GROOVE** Weezer Takes Charge, DJ Mea Unbound, Deanna Carter vs. James Michael, and Melissa Auf Der Maur Goes Stark Raving Sabbath. Plus, reviews of Papa Roach, Moby, Breeders and more.

88 **MOVIES** Fearless model-turned-actress JOSIE MORAN explores some new poses for her film *The Mallory Effect*. Also, Cowboys and Indians kicking ass in JOHN WOO's *The Wind Talkers*.

92 **TUBE** Big trouble with BILL MAHER. Also, the Almost True Hollywood Story of AISHA TYLER.

100 **WORD** Son of the vampire: CHRISTOPHER RICE finds his own American Gothic. Also, STAN LEE vs. Spider-Man and a KISS comics preview.

104 **LAST LICK** Behind the scenes with The Demon.

96 **GAMES** Surfer Kelly Slater: My Life As A Video Game. Also, the greatest sports video games of all time.

GENE SIMMONS Tongue

GENE SIMMONS TONGUE (ISSN 1539-4301) is published quarterly by The Sterling / Macfadden Partnership, 333 7th Avenue, New York, NY 10001, Tel. 212-780-3500. Application to Mail at Periodicals Postage Rates is Pending at New York, NY.
POSTMASTER:
Send change of address to: Gene Simmons Tongue, P.O. Box 5227, Harlan, IA 51593-0727.
One-year subscription rates: for USA - $6.99; for Canada - $9.99; Foreign - $11.99 in U.S.Funds only.

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From the Publisher

Welcome to GENE SIMMONS TONGUE magazine. You're probably wondering why a rock 'n' Roll icon has created a magazine named after his most memorable feature. Here's a little history...I met Gene Simmons in 1996, when KISS was getting ready to launch the greatest musical "comeback" of all time. I also publish Metal Edge magazine, where Gene and KISS have been featured many times. From 1996 to 2001, Gene and I put out five magazines, from tour programs to poster books, and we got to know each other well.

In late 2001, we started discussing different ideas for other magazines. We felt there needed to be a voice for the rock star in all of us; for those who want to "Rock & Roll All Night and Party Every Day." So GENE SIMMONS TONGUE was born. It's for men who are working hard each day but still know how to turn every day into a party. Men who can appreciate the beautiful women that adorn GS TONGUE, but are also refined enough to want to read the STORY that goes along with it. Men who can still "do beers" with their buddies, but who also enjoy a great martini or a single malt scotch. Men who grew up to classic rock but now use words like "eclectic" to describe their musical tastes. Men who once thought that "fashion" meant a new pair of Levi's but now "dress for success." Men like us who know what we want and how to get it.

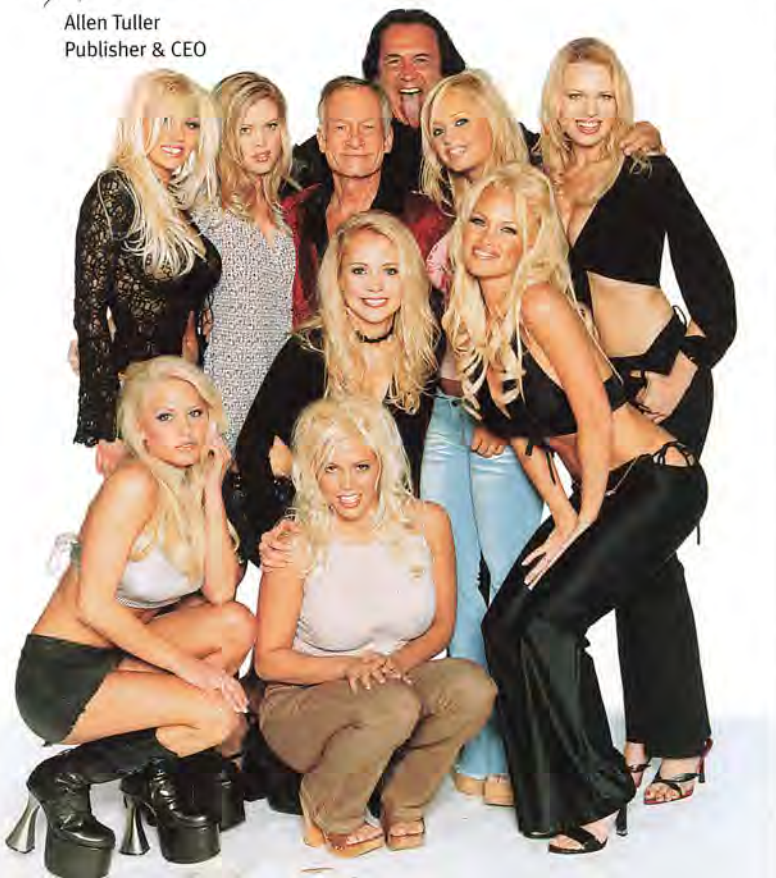
In other words, men like Gene Simmons – a man who has always blazed his own paths with raw power and style. Millions of KISS fans have followed Gene's mantra: "Say what you mean and mean what you say." That's what we're about...we don't follow trends...we create them! That's how and for whom GENE SIMMONS TONGUE Magazine was born!

We're about Sex, Style and Rock 'n' Roll! Our goal is to deliver an up-close and insightful mix of all three, in a way that stimulates both "heads" and satisfies all of your other senses (though the scratch & sniff may be a few issues away.)

GENE SIMMONS TONGUE magazine brings together the worlds of music, movies, style, and entertainment. You'll see and hear from some of the world's most beautiful women, and get revealing interviews of celebrities by celebrities. We'll take you backstage and on the road to discover what really goes on with the fast-changing music scene, and we'll keep you up to date with the latest fashions, trends, gadgets and gossip. Enough to keep you saying "Gimme Some Tongue!"

GENE SIMMONS TONGUE magazine. I invite you to Lick It Up...I hope you like the way it tastes.Bon appétit!

Allen Tuller
Publisher & CEO



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Internet services provided by **ibsnyc.com**

Gene Simmons TONGUE (ISSN#1539-4301) is published quarterly by The Sterling Publishing Co. LLC
333 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001.
212-780-3500
Application to Mail at Periodicals Postage Rates is Pending at New York, NY.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Gene Simmons Tongue, P.O. Box 5227, Harlan, IA 51583.

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Printed in U.S.A.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: 4 issues for $6.99 in USA. (includes postage and handling). Canada: 4 issues for $9.99. Foreign: 4 issues for $11.99 (U.S. funds).
Send to: Gene Simmons Tongue, P.O. Box 5227, Harlan, IA 51583.
Make checks payable to Gene Simmons Tongue.
PRINTED IN THE USA

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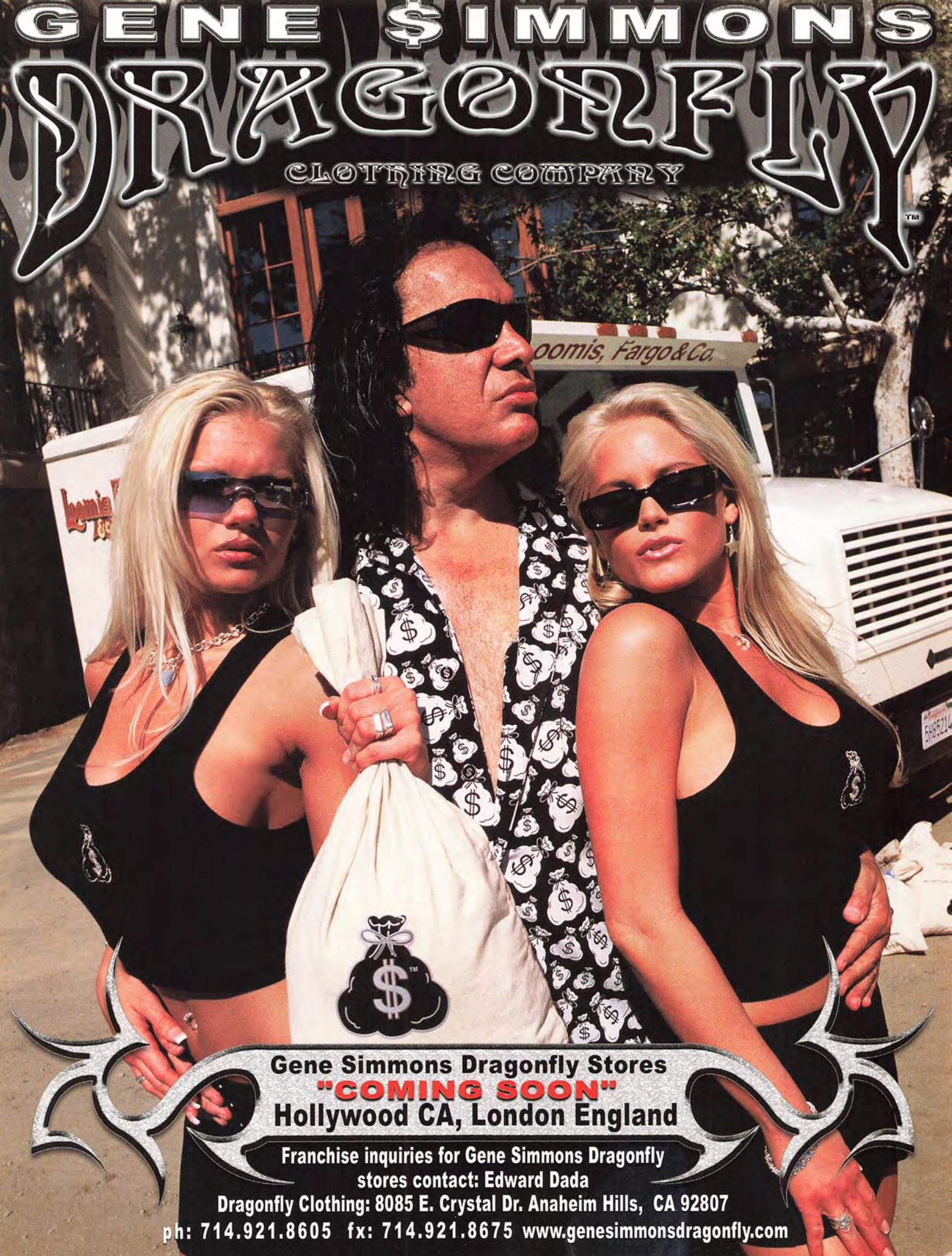
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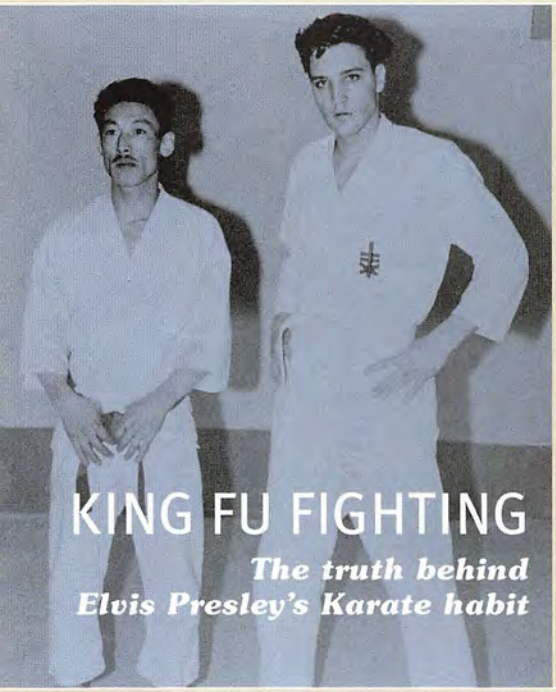

KING FU FIGHTING

The truth behind Elvis Presley's Karate habit

Long before Bruce Lee entered a dragon, and before Segal, Van Dame or Chan danced with death onscreen, Elvis Presley was the de facto star of U.S. martial arts. His obsession spanned nearly two decades, ending with an eighth-degree black belt tied snugly around his waist.

"I started doing this in the Army, as a challenge," Presley once declared. And as with all of his varied interests (collecting police badges and jets, buying guns, shooting out televisions, etc.), he didn't just dabble, he dove in headfirst. By 1960, he had his first black belt.

Those were different times for martial arts, unlike today, where there's a dojo in every strip mall. Martial arts were mostly unknown, a Far-Eastern mystery no one thought to unravel. But Presley studied first with Jurgen Seydal, known as "the Father of German Karate." In a 1960 letter to Seydal, Presley wrote: "I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for teaching me."

Kenpo was The King's main style, taught to him by his sensei, Ed Parker, another forerunner of the American martial arts scene. Emphasizing economy of movement and maximum impact against an attacker, it's nasty stuff, but flashy enough to look good on camera and in concert – facts not lost on his most famous student. "He felt like I was a kind of a rebel in my field, as he was in his," Parker recounted years later. "I didn't accept a lot of the Oriental methods, because I knew they didn't work on the street. He was intrigued with the logic of what I taught."

For most of the obligatory fight scenes in his movies, Elvis insisted on using his acquired skills. Audiences would cheer wildly at the sight of Presley flailing his arms through *Roustabout* (where prior to getting beat up, a guy actually yells, "Hey, that's karate!") or *Harum Scarum* (where Elvis knocks out a leopard with one chop).

After an eight-year layoff, Elvis returned to live performing in 1969, and appeared at the International Hotel in Las Vegas in a modified karate uniform. The message was clear: *I'm back and ready to fight*. The showroom became his dojo, his early hip-swiveling moves replaced by actual kenpo maneuvers timed to the music. The songs "Suspicious Minds" and "Polk Salad Annie" were extended to accommodate extra stretches, punches and kicks.

Tom Jones invited Presley to sing with him on stage, but The King politely declined, and instead performed a 20-minute practice form called a kata. Presley also found time to train members of his own band, though one demonstration on how to disarm an attacker resulted in a real gun putting a hole in Jerry Scheff's bass.

Master Kang Rhee was the yin to Parker's yang. He came to America in 1962, shortly after earning the title "Korean Taekwondo Champion," and eventually opened a school in Memphis. Elvis showed up in a cape with a full compliment of Memphis Mafia members. From 1970 to 1974, Rhee taught Elvis a blend of kung fu, tai chi and

THESE **NUMBERS** JUST IN

*The average human eats **eight** spiders in his lifetime at night.*

*Some lions mate more than **50** times a day.*

*February **1865** was the only month in recorded history not to have a full moon.*

*The cruise liner Queen Elizabeth II moves only **six** inches for each gallon of diesel that it burns.*

*If you were to fart consistently for **six** years and **nine** months, enough gas would be produced to create the same energy as an atomic bomb.*

*If you yelled for **eight** years, **seven** months and **six** days, you would produce enough sound energy to heat **one** cup of coffee.*

*In the last **4,000** years, no new animals have been domesticated.*

*Marilyn Monroe had **six** toes on **one** foot.*

*The shortest war in history was between Zanzibar and England in **1896**: Zanzibar surrendered after **38** minutes.*

*There are **two** credit cards for every person in the United States.*

*Women blink nearly **twice** as much as men.*

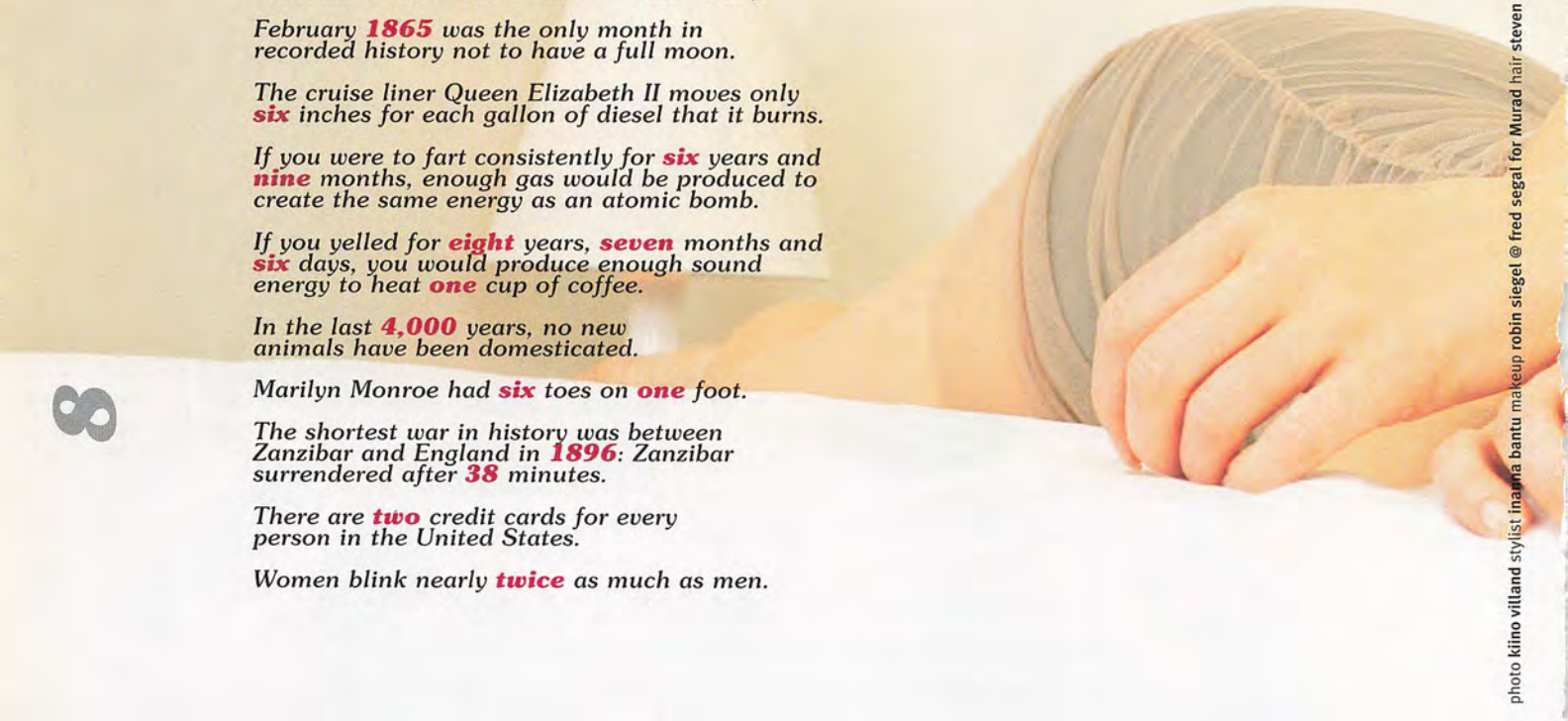

photo **kiino villand** stylist **inanna bantu** makeup **robin siegel @ fred segal for Murad** hair **steven lake @ luxe** dress michelle mason

taekwondo, and emphasized a spiritual pursuit of martial arts. An appreciative Elvis in turn taught Rhee his style, frequently flying him out to Vegas and bestowing gifts. "I taught Elvis the martial arts, but Elvis, he taught me my life," is how Rhee puts it, and today his institute in Memphis remains a mini-shrine of Presley artifacts.

Years before unleashing *Walker, Texas Ranger* upon us, Chuck Norris was trainer-to-the-stars, and Elvis's wife ended up at his California studio (Priscilla Presley eventually made green belt). Schedule changes found her in the hands of champ Mike Stone – soon literally. One night in Vegas, Presley went on a rampage, unpacking gun after gun, rambling that "Mike Stone must die!" But he finally let it go.

Presley was a martial arts hero right up to the end of his life in 1977. Riding in his limo one night, the singer spotted a hold-up in progress. He leaped out and adopted a fighting stance. The perpetrator and victim were so stunned that they all ended up shaking hands, and Presley signed autographs for them.

Despite the accounts of his trainers, some still complain that Elvis was a phony karateka, and not to be taken seriously. He trained in sunglasses and capes, they say. He gave instructors cash and Cadillacs. But that was just his way. He liked to dress up. And right up until his death in 1990, Parker staunchly defended Presley's skills. "Elvis was a damn good black belt," he said frequently. "What degree he was really didn't matter." *Ron Albanese*

Jill Ritchie: Rock's Kid Sister

She may look like the girl next door, but don't be fooled. She is an actress, after all, far, far from home, which is a place called Romeo, Michigan. So if Jill Ritchie has that just-off-the-bus-from-Kansas freshness about her, chalk it up to personal charm and zero pretense. And don't be alarmed by all those sightings with American bad-boy Kid Rock, a possible sign of reckless association, to be sure. He is her brother.

Kid's kid sister arrived in Los Angeles in the '90s to finish school and begin a career as an actress, starting with her role as "Nose Ring Girl" in an episode of *Beverly Hills, 90210*. Since then, Ritchie's appeared in dozens of roles in film and TV, a career trajectory, incidentally, that predates her long-suffering brother's first appearance on the pop charts. Now she is destined for the Disney Channel and it's upcoming *Nancy Drew* project, where things are very wholesome indeed. So they say. It hasn't changed her taste in men. "I always liked the loner type," Ritchie says mysteriously. "The guy that didn't have many friends or was in shop class or metal, whatever that was." Which maybe means you, rock star. So get in line.

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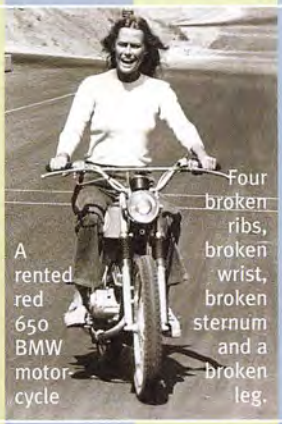
Rough Riders

CELEBRITY MOTORCYCLE CRASHES – OR, HARLEY DAVIDSON FOR BEGINNERS

Celebrities are not immune to death and disaster. Put one of them on a motorcycle, say Keanu Reeves or Gary Busey, and the chances are pretty good that something bad will happen. Not everyone can be like Steve McQueen, who vaulted even higher into stardom after jumping a bike over Nazi barbed wire and almost to freedom in *The Great Escape*. His off-time was spent off-road, where the occasional tumble over your handlebars comes with the territory. But he always got right back up again, which is more than can be said of these Hollywood bikers. *Compiled by Sarah Emerson*

	DATE OF DESTRUCTION	LOW DOWN	WHEELS	DAMAGED GOODS	WORD OF WISDOM
LIAM NEESON	July 11, 2000	The *Star Wars* actor hit a deer while riding around his New York home.	1989 Harley Davidson	Broken pelvis bone and fractured leg.	"Some mornings you wake up and think, gee I look handsome today. Other days I think, what am I doing in the movies? I wanna go back to Ireland and drive a forklift."
LAUREN HUTTON	October 21, 2000	The Vogue cover girl lost control when she turned around a bend on a celebrity charity ride 25 miles east of Las Vegas, on Nevada Route 167 in the Lake Mead National Recreation Area. Hutton was riding with actors Dennis Hopper and Jeremy Irons and other motorcycle enthusiasts as part of a planned 100-mile trip across Southern Nevada.	 A rented red 650 BMW motor cycle	Four broken ribs, broken wrist, broken sternum and a broken leg.	"I love the feeling of being a naked egg atop that throbbing steel. You feel vulnerable but so alive." Lauren Hutton, to reporters just before she crashed.
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER	December 9, 2001	The muscleman wiped out in Santa Monica when a car without break lights abruptly stopped in front of him.	Harley Davidson	Six broken ribs. Yes, even the Terminator suffers from injuries.	"Don't worry, this will not affect my skiing at Sun Valley with my family over Christmas." Arnold Schwarzenegger, speaking after the accident.
BOB DYLAN	July 25, 1966	The songsmith lost control and crashed near his Woodstock, New York home. No other vehicles were involved.	Triumph 55	Several broken vertebras in neck.	"God, I'm glad I'm not me." Bob Dylan
RED HOT CHILI BIKERS ANTHONY KIEDIS & CHAD SMITH	July 1997 & August 1997	Kiedis collided with a car in L.A. that was making a U-turn. A month later, RHCP drummer Smith flew off his bike on nearby Sunset Boulevard.	Harley Davidson & Harley Davidson	Eleven broken bones in wrist for Kiedis, a dislocated shoulder for Smith.	"I guess I'm just an emotionally disturbed character at heart. I've been on a blistering roller-coaster of mental health ups and downs..." Anthony Kiedis
BILLY IDOL	February 6, 1990	After blowing through a stop sign on Hollywood Boulevard in Los Angeles, Idol smashed into a car.	Harley Davidson	Broken wrist, broken leg.	"The biggest misconception people have about me is that I'm stupid." Billy Idol

WELCOME TO THE **MACHINE**

Captured! By Robots is the heaviest metal around.

The year is 2002, but JBOT is living a nightmare right out of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. He claims that he's being held hostage by machines he created, a small but vicious band of robots. *Band*, as in rock 'n' roll band. And Mr. JBOT (née Jay Vance) is shackled and masked onstage, as his evil cyberlords verbally abuse him into doing the unspeakable – such as eating a homeless man's snot or, worse, fronting their heavy metal band, Captured! By Robots.

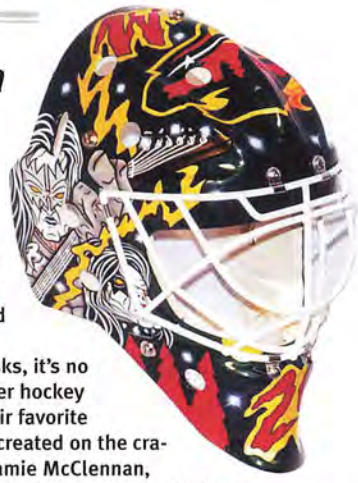
This comical imprisonment began in 1996, when Vance, a bassist for the ska bands Skankin' Pickle and the Blue Meanies, grew tired of working with the usual drug-addicted, temperamental musicians who usually arrived late for shows and then bitched about the songs. So Vance, now JBOT, constructed his own band. No more would he depend on undependable humans. With the robots, he says, "I know what to expect, which is good."

The all-star lineup of Captured! By Robots includes a snide, six-foot-tall guitar-playing machine called GTRBOT and a Medusa-headed tin drummer named DRMBOT, accompanied by the giant tambourine-playing Ape Which Hath No Name. These Frankensteins of the future may not shoot smack backstage, but they still give Vance attitude when they think his songs are shit. "I've been captured by robots in a literal and figurative way," he says of the band, which has released two CDs. "I find myself thinking and talking about robots all the time. All my money goes towards them. Everything comes after the band – it's made me break up with girlfriends, lose friends and lose jobs, but I can't let anything get in its way."

www.capturedbyrobots.com *Jennifer Maerz*

Motor City Madmen

HOCKEY MASKS ARE THE ULTIMATE ROCK 'N' ROLL ACCOUTERMENTS.



The ancient pipe organ has virtually been silenced at hockey games. These days it's all about AC/DC, Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin blaring during breaks in play. And now the players themselves are paying homage to their rock heroes the best way they know how: with elaborately painted face masks, saluting the likes of Metallica and Pink Floyd.

Since only goalies are allowed to personalize their masks, it's no surprise that many have turned to Detroit Rock City's premier hockey artiste, Ray Bishop, to help immortalize their favorite bands. All four members of KISS are recreated on the cranial cage of Minnesota Wild player Jamie McClennan, while the menacing smile and skeletal fingers of Iron Maiden mascot "Eddie" leap off the helmet of the St. Louis Blues's Roman Turek. "A lot of the artwork I do is pretty ominous," admits Bishop, who already draws inspiration from classic rock. "Most of the guys want skulls or some sort of rabid dog ripping open the helmet. Grizzly bears, sharks, you name it. If it's mean-looking, that's what they want." Besides, rockers from Slipknot to Quiet Riot to John Cale have all revealed a weakness for hockey masks onstage. So, long live rock. Be dead or alive. www.bishopdesigns.com *Randy Haberek*

Pop (T)art

Embrace the Fatness.

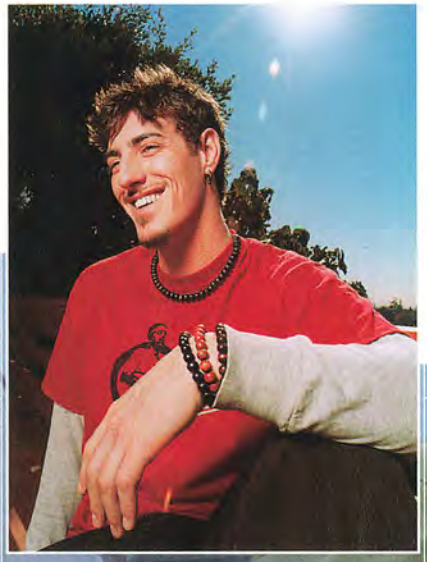
Whenever in life it happens that the rip off is better than the original, I sleep better at night. Let's face it, People, that really is the definition of "progress" when you get right down to it. It warms my heart. It fills me with glee. Pop-Tarts "S'Mores" – that's what I'm talking all around right now.

One pastry is all you need (although I, myself, found it even more enjoyable to eat three) to feel a kind of beauty previously reserved for campfires. One pastry. Six grams of fat (one saturated). And a slightly lofty 36 carbs is all you need to accrue. What I'm saying, Dude, is get out of your house and take a chance on me and my low-end dreamscape. Forget about the Blueberry Tarts that half-ruined your childhood and get in on the new new thing.

I would not lie to you. I'll even go as far as to say that sure, I had my doubts about this sugary treat when this whole kooky thing began. I've got apprehensions coursing through my synapses. I've got ennui on my brow that casts a shadow long and high enough to cover the acne on my ever-expanding forehead. I've got taste. But that's all a load of butt lint when the lights go down and you smell the edges browning and the creamy marshmallowy chocolatey middle stewing up. Listen to me. I've got the answers and I'm not afraid to admit it. You're a dancer, a romancer, a backstreet prancer, and this is exactly the kind of fuel you need. Don't be afraid. That's my job. I'm your nerves. I'm your fears. I'm the ghost of spreading hips across the seat of your future.

It's late now and I'm staring at the open oozy end of yet another S'more-Tart. It's like velvet. Nothing, I say, not a single solitary thing, will spill out the sides of your ever-tender psyche when you're packing a pair of these babies down. Oh no, this is just what the angst doctor ordered, trust me. Just pop them in the oven, or the toaster, or the microwave and heat until the pastry's reached a desired temp. Break it up, watch the steam escape, and then shove it into the oral cavity. Chew. Swallow. And then come on, get happy. Ciao. *Arty Nelson*

“WHERE ELSE CAN YOU SEE A DEAD MAN’S ERECT PENIS?”



GRIN REAPER

Actor Eric Balfour digs Six Feet Under, but it’s music, peyote and nude bowling that bring him salvation.

Eric Balfour is laughing about his HBO television series *Six Feet Under*, basking in the Southern California sun outside a sidewalk café. The 25-year-old actor, who plays the tormented Gabriel on the award-winning dark comedy-drama, is one of those guys you know you’ve seen before, but can’t quite place. And many people strolling by say “Hi” to him.

The L.A. native has often been in your living room on shows like *24*, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and *The West Wing*. More memorable perhaps was an episode of *Six Feet Under* where Balfour and Lauren Ambrose are getting it on in the back of a hearse, and the actress satisfies his character’s foot fetish by licking and sucking on his toes. “We also had this scene where we were showering together and her husband showed up on set,” says the actor.

Not that there’s any hesitation to do nude scenes. “No, I’m not modest at all,” he admits, adding that he once bowled in the buff to win a bet. “Of course, I kept my bowling shoes on for good form.”

When not acting, Balfour leads a rock-rap band called Fredalba, whose sound is like a groove-heavy amalgamation of Ozomatli and the Sublime. The band’s name originates from a night in Paris visiting various sex shows with some friends, before running out of francs for cab fare. “We’re hooting it up with this hooker in this bar and she wasn’t unattractive, which made it all the more fun,” recounts Balfour. They asked to trade American dollars with her. Of course, she promptly ripped them off, forcing them to abandon the cab without paying the fare. But her name stuck.

That beats and drums feature strongly on Fredalba’s just-released debut album should be no surprise. Balfour was raised in the Lakota Indian religion. “In my family if you want to explore the universe and get tripped out, you come to a peyote meeting,” he declares, fingering the large wooden beads around his neck. “The ceremony is intense. You go in at sundown to a teepee and you stay until sunup and a drum is passed around. You pray and peyote is eaten four times throughout the night.”

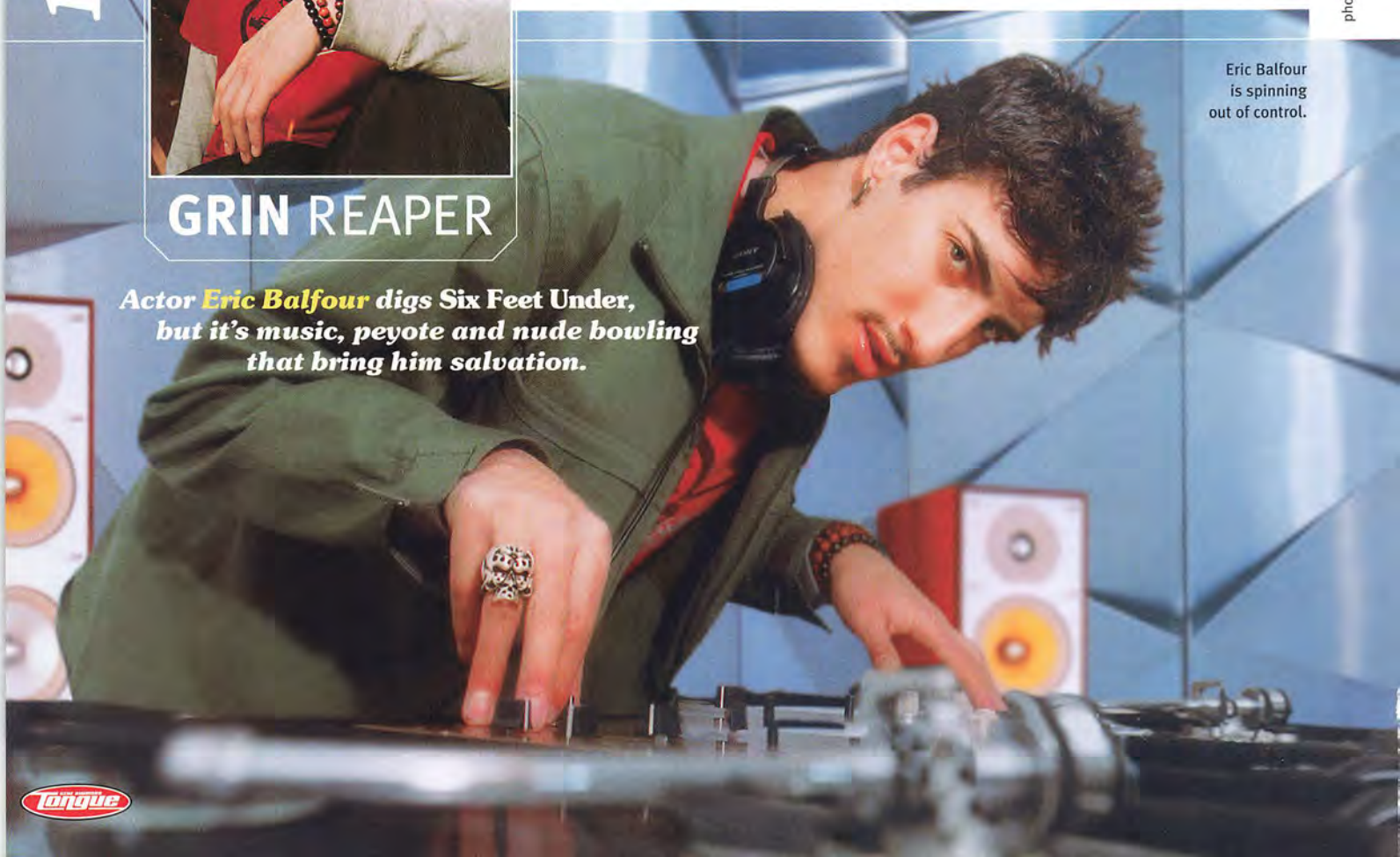
Despite constant pressure from friends, Balfour has never used the hallucinogenic plant recreationally. “I would never consider that. It’s used as a ceremonial medicine and I take that very seriously.”

Balfour could have used it last summer when a drunk driver swerved into his car, causing it to veer out of control and hit a guy standing at a payphone. The impact took the kid’s leg right off. Balfour himself has never touched alcohol. And the usually animated actor is suddenly silent and looks away as tears shine in his eyes. “It was so hard,” he says. “I’ve this image of holding the kid’s leg and him screaming at the top of his lungs....”

The next day he wrote “Revelations,” the brooding, introspective song that opens the Fredalba album. Not all of Fredalba’s music is so intense, but every track balances the eclectic funk with enough soul to hold itself upright.

“Acting is very creative and very difficult and very important, but actors themselves I think are pretty lame,” he says bluntly. “I think they’re very egotistical, not by their own fault necessarily, but I think people kiss their asses for no reason.” His heroes are found elsewhere. “Musicians and athletes are fucking rad. If I could be Kobe Bryant....” He sighs staring off at the Hollywood skyline. “He’s superhuman, he truly is.”

Dee Mc Laughlin



Eric Balfour is spinning out of control.

photo **natasha calzatti** jacket **obey** shirt **x-large** pants **levi’s**

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Elton's John

JAMMIN' JOHNS INSPIRE MORE SINGING IN THE BOYS ROOM

Marvin Maxwell wants to provide musical accompaniment to your bodily fluid release. Now with his custom-designed toilet seats, the Louisville, Kentucky, inventor has created an exciting means to imagine defecating through Eric Clapton's white axe, or perhaps onto the keys of Elton John. His Jammin' Johns company offers three handmade signature lines designed to look like instruments: the Pee-Ano, The Screamer (shaped like an electric guitar) and the Guitarlet (acoustic model), all handmade from the finest hardwoods.

"In the '60s I did exactly the opposite," says Maxwell, a seasoned musician and music store owner. "I used a toilet seat as the body of a guitar. Twenty years later I said to myself 'Hell, I'll make a toilet seat out of a guitar.' I knew I was either going to be embraced or run out of town."

More than 4,000 toilet seats later, Maxwell's objets d'fart are highly sough-after, with clientele ranging from Steven Spielberg to Howard Stern. Future plans include a potty chair for junior called the Jammin' Johnnie, a whammy-bar flush handle and a device that plays music when you lift the seat lid. The King himself would have been proud to crap out on one of these. It's music to your rear. **www.jamminjohns.com**

Randy Haberek

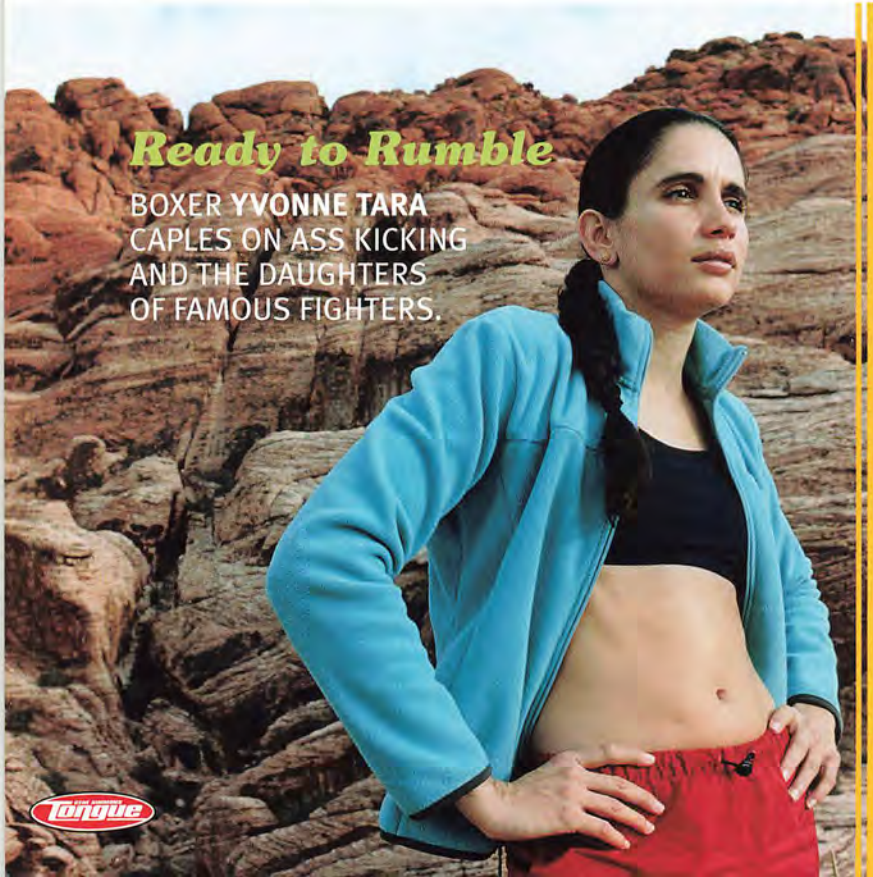
Beer Hound

ON TAP: HE'BREW MESSIAH STOUT

When the good folks at He'Brew first came up with the catchy slogan for their Messiah Stout – "It's the beer you've been waiting for" – they never said we'd have to wait so long for it. But sometimes good things take longer than expected, and so now, years later, the beer has finally arrived. Which would be a moot point if Messiah Stout weren't so worthwhile. Schmaltz's dark brew is far more flavorful and tasty than you'd expect from a beer with a catchy slogan and funny name. As with such delicious stouts as Guinness or Sam Adams Cream Stout, the Messiah has a rich, smoky flavor, with some hints of cocoa as well, suggesting a kind of alcoholic espresso.

The texture is also rather typical of stouts, as it's heavier and thicker than ale, though it isn't as creamy as a Guinness. It's also got a slight fizz to it, though not enough of one that you could burp out any words, let alone an entire prayer or beer slogan. Instead, Messiah Stout is an excellent after-dinner drink, good for casual sippin', or as a fine companion to an Oreo cookie. Of course, with the Messiah Stout just now joining us, that probably means it'll be a while before the good folks at Shmaltz get around to blessing us again. But if their next religious offering is as good as their first two, it'll be worth the wait. www.shmaltz.com.

Paul Semel



Ready to Rumble

BOXER **YVONNE TARA** CAPLES ON ASS KICKING AND THE DAUGHTERS OF FAMOUS FIGHTERS.

She weighs in at just 103 lbs, but Yvonne Tara Caples can knock you flat on your ass. The Junior Flyweight and 1999 Golden Gloves champion has been a serious boxer for eight years. So don't brand her another "foxy boxer" or a sports entertainer a la WWF diva Lita or former WWF champion Chyna. "I don't consider the WWF a sport," she says with a laugh.

An English high school teacher by day who has shown up to work in Las Vegas with her share of black eyes, Caples moonlights as a pro boxer whenever she can find a worthy opponent. Her boyfriend is also a boxer, and she admits to catching people off guard when she tells them what she does. While dismissing such recent female boxing films as *Girlfight* and *Knockout*, she admits to mixed feelings about the new crowd of celebrity offspring entering the ring.

"Initially I was against the 'daughters of famous fighters' bandwagon," explains Caples, 28. "I think Laila Ali is doing a lot for the sport. She represents herself well and she admits that she's not the best fighter and that she's learning. She and her husband have opened a boxing gym in Las Vegas and they're putting on cards once a month. And they're putting women on the cards and that's opening opportunities for us."

Caples, who maintains dreams of attaining the world championship, encourages students to enter the sport, especially young women, as a massive confidence-boosting device. She still remembers her own first time. "I was in [the ring] with a woman who was a lot bigger than me, an ex-Marine," she says. "I felt really humiliated. Overall I got an ass kicking. I was in tears after the first time I sparred but it only made me more determined." *Jose Martinez*

photo **steve appleford**

ON THE **ROAD** AGAIN

Rock and roll all night and exercise every day. By Jeff Bell and Joe "Trainer" Maysonet

You're a rock star on the road again. Trapped on a bus for months on end, the gym is a distant memory. Add fast food three or four times a day and, just like last time out, you're destined to make lots of money and gain lots of inches. But there are ways to keep your body as cool as your attitude, and your energy as hot as a red chili pepper.

Nutrition is key to staying hard, focused and cool. Replace fries, burgers and Slurpies with lean chicken or fish and steamed veggies at least half the time, and you may keep that six pack away for a few more concerts. Avoid processed foods. They have lots of hidden sugar and don't supply the vitamins and live enzymes you can only get from fresh fruit and vegetables. And drink at least a gallon of water each day to abate hunger and flush out that greasy burger you had two hundred miles back.

Exercise frequently. Be creative. If you're on a bus for hours on end, take a towel and play tug of war. By pulling against your partner's resistance you'll tense up your back, arms, and legs, burn calories and tone up your midsection. About 30 minutes is ideal.

Get into rhythm. Don't eat and then pass out. Take a walk and burn calories. Eat only when you're truly hungry, not out of boredom.

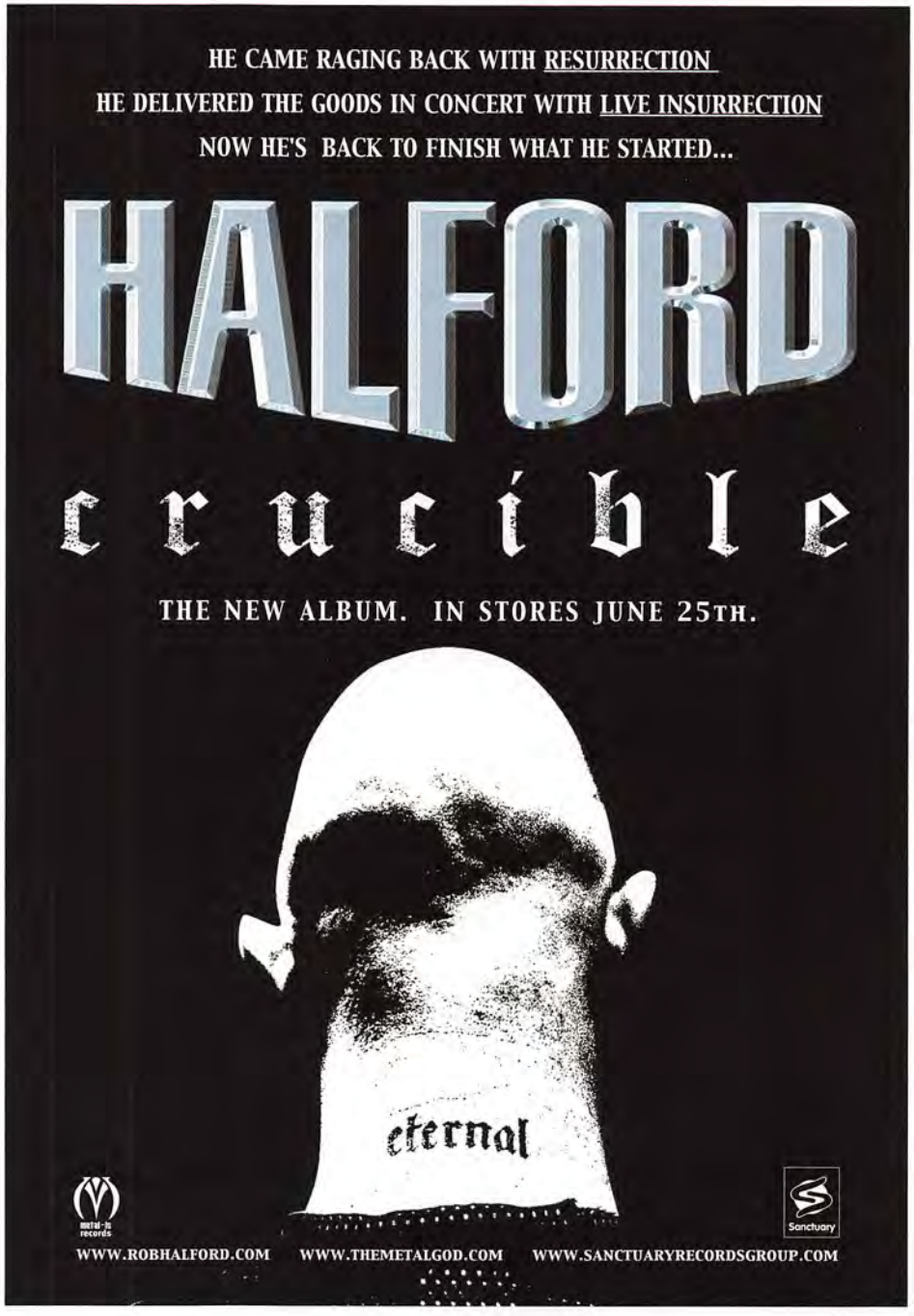
Choose your poison. Each can of soda has more than 10 teaspoons of sugar, far more than a typical rock star needs for a quick jolt. But coffee will boost energy, utilize stored body fat for energy and increase brain activity. (Ditto for green tea.) Just don't add sugar.

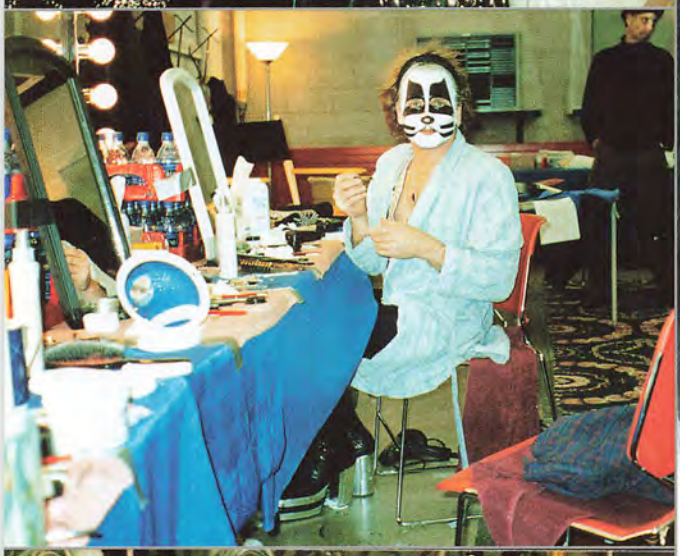
Shadow boxer. Joe Trainer's favorite workout when stuck in a hotel is shadow boxing with the help of a lamp. Boxing increases coordination, a must when being mauled by fans. Try several combinations of punches for five minutes, followed by a round of jumping rope, push-ups, crunches and squats. No one said rock stardom was easy.

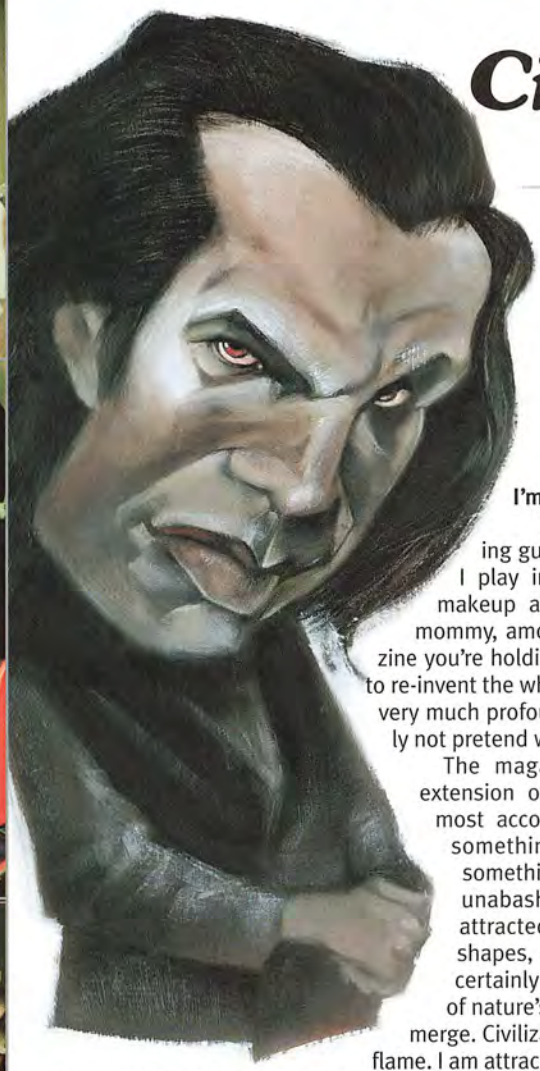
Pump it up. If lugging weights on the road isn't possible, try water bottles instead. Hold two full gallon-size bottles by your sides in each hand, raise your arms out to shoulder height, then return to starting position. Repeat. Next, raise your arms out front. Then, while still holding the water bottles by your sides, place your feet hip-width apart, feet straight ahead, and lunge forward with your right leg. Make sure your knee does not move past your toes. Repeat for 15 complete reps before switching legs. This will tone up the legs and make sure your butt doesn't stay in Detroit while the rest of you is moving on to Kansas City.

Stairwell to heaven. A serious calorie burn is a good antidote to a long road trip, so find a stairwell. Spend the next 15-to-20 minutes taking wide steps, short steps, sideways steps, and backward steps up and down the stairs. You will burn away more than 300 calories.

Old school. Joe Trainer still favors a traditional round of push ups, crunches, squats, jumping jacks and pull ups, done in a continuous fashion for 15-to-25 repetitions each. You may need to start with five repetitions and work up. Be sure to do all repetitions with good form and for God's sake keep those abs tight. You are a rock star, right?







Citizen Gene

OUR FOUNDER ON THE ISSUES (AND WOMEN) OF OUR TIME. PLUS, A NEW MAGAZINE AND A MANIFESTO FOR LIVING.

I'm Gene Simmons.

You know...that weird looking guy who sticks his tongue out. I play in a band that wears more makeup and higher heels than your mommy, among other things. The magazine you're holding in your hands will not try to re-invent the wheel. We may not in fact have very much profound content. We will certainly not pretend we do, in any case.

The magazine will however be an extension of my personality. I am, by most accounts, more inclined to like something that tastes good than something that has good taste. I am unabashedly and unapologetically attracted to women: all sizes, all shapes, all colors...all women. I am certainly a victim and prime example of nature's prime directive: the urge to merge. Civilization has yet to dampen that flame. I am attracted to women as sex objects, as I suspect most men are. It's high time men and women were upfront about that – because it's true. As soon as we see you walking down the street, we have carnal thoughts. As we get to know each other, we are certainly charmed and delighted by your intellect, but we are nonetheless initially attracted to you visually... and sexually. Don't complain to men about that. Complain to nature.

Man has two heads. We just don't have enough blood for both.

I'm fairly well read, but still like books that have illustrations.

I was fairly religious, studied theology for years, have read The Bible, New Testament, Koran and other religious books and still have very profound personal unanswered questions. Here's one: "Thou shalt have no other God before me..." Really? "... because if I ever catch you so much as looking at another God, I will smite you from the face of the earth" ... I can imagine the phrase coming afterwards. This is not the God I believe exists. That one sounds like a jealous psycho girlfriend or someone with self-esteem problems.

Marriage, for me, is out of the question. Marriage is an institution and you have to be committed to it for as long as you live. If that doesn't sound like an insane asylum, I don't know what does. I believe the only thing wrong with marriage is that usually one of the two getting married is a man. Having

illustration joe o'herlihy

Opposite Page: (from bottom) Paul Stanley and Eric Singer prepare for KISS's performance at the closing ceremonies of the 2002 Winter Olympics, Salt Lake City; KISS with Donny & Marie Osmond backstage at the Olympics; at a signing for *Kiss and Makeup* in NYC; signing skin in L.A.; producer Bob Ezrin and Dave Navarro pledge allegiance.
This Page: (from left) the Las Vegas debut of Gene Simmons Dragonfly clothing; Cher visits with Gene in Hollywood.

tongue Lashings

said all that, I have been happily unmarried to the wonderful and beautiful Shannon Tweed for almost 19 years.

I was born in another country and when I came to America, I came to the promised land. The American dream is alive and well and I'm living proof of it.

KISS is a band that was formed almost 30 years ago by myself, Ace Frehley, Peter Criss and especially Paul Stanley. We have scaled the heights. KISS is America's #1 Gold Record Champions of all time (Group Category) – R.I.A.A.

I've had my own record label - Simmons Records/RCA.

I've managed the careers of other artists, including Liza Minnelli's recording career.

I discovered Van Halen.

I've acted in films and television.

I recently wrote a N.Y. Times best-selling book, *Kiss and Makeup*.

I'm starting a film company.

I recently launched the Gene Simmons Dragonfly clothing line and clothing stores. (The first Gene Simmons Dragonfly store opens soon in Hollywood.)

I'm buying a hotel resort.

I'm co-owner of a women's wrestling league.

I've produced movies and television shows.

And, as you can tell, being humble is not in my nature. Perhaps all this posturing on my part is simply an attempt to get everyone to like me and forget that I wasn't born here. I have always felt like a stranger in a strange land. I still do. And I have found that the only way I have been able to survive and succeed is to simply be "in your face." I believe you have to step up to the plate, first time, last time, anytime, and tell everyone within earshot what you've done and who you are.

I'm probably too honest for my own good when I first meet people. I believe in full disclosure. I believe in saying what you mean and meaning what you say.

I'm grateful to Hugh Hefner for giving us our premier cover story. Without overstating the point, it's safe to say he has single-handedly changed the Puritan notion that sex is equated with sin. Playboy, his creation, not only showcased some of the most beautiful women we have ever seen, but has also, in Hugh Hefner's words, made it loud and clear that "...even good girls like sex." If Playboy had not existed, I'm sure this magazine wouldn't be here.

Our manifesto, if we have one, is to enjoy life. Period. Every day above ground is a good day, as my dear Mother always says. And we're all just passing through.

We may as well enjoy it.

Send Letters

GENE SIMMONS TONGUE needs your participation. Write to us about our debut issue. Say what's on your mind. Tell us about your first time. Mail photos, love letters, hate mail or anything else befitting the dignity of this magazine to:

Gene Simmons Tongue
P.O. Box 16075, Beverly Hills, CA 90210
TongueMagazine@aol.com

DON'T **BLOW** IT

Sexpert Carrie Borzillo-Vrenna tackles your head-aches, the dreaded "F" word and letting her fingers do the walking.

Q: How can I get my girlfriend to really want to go downstairs?

A: Unless you're Brad Pitt, your girlfriend probably won't be doing cartwheels just to service your Willie. But here are some things to help you on your way. First, make sure your twig and berries haven't gone rotten. Any foul odor coming from below means she's not going to spend much time down there. Try spritzing your nether regions with a bit of cologne, though don't let the fragrance actually wet your whistle. You don't want your girl gagging...at least not yet. Next up, shave. Not Telly Savalas-style, but some trimming around the trunk could help. (Remember, the more hair you remove, the larger you look.) And when the time comes, make sure your gal is comfy. If she is properly positioned, she'll be more willing to give it her all. Lastly, wear clean – and cute – undies, or go the Rock Star route and wear none.

Or maybe your girl just needs a little aural encouragement. Men often don't realize that the more a woman thinks she's good at something, the more she wants to do it. But don't start barking like a drill sergeant. Instead, when something she does feels good, moan like there's no tomorrow. Scream her name and tell her she's your B.J. Queen! When she does something that doesn't

> "MOST GIRLS KNOW IF THEY WANT TO SLEEP WITH A GUY WITHIN 15 MINUTES OF MEETING THEM."

photo kiino villand

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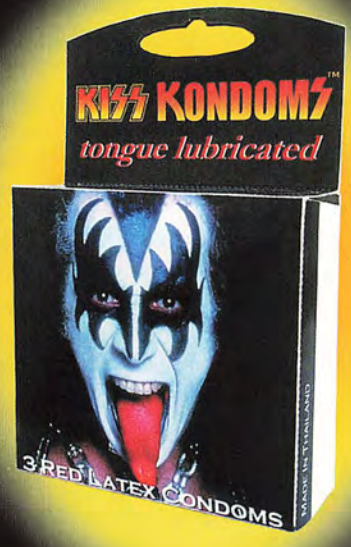

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KissOnline.com

*Gene Simmons, Kiss and Make-Up (Crown Pub. 2001) p. 4. ©2002 Condomania, Los Angeles CA. All rights reserved. Photo Courtesy Brad Fitzgerald - Las Vegas Xcitement Magazine VegasXcitement.com

feel good, say nothing. She'll know she just took a wrong turn.

Q: I'm getting mixed signals from a girl I've been hanging out with. How do I know if she likes me more than a friend?
A: Ask her. Ask her. Ask her. It's really that simple. If this girl's been acting buddy-buddy and hanging out with you, but you're not sure whether you're in that dreaded "F" zone or if you're on the brink of a hot, steamy romance, then you need to be direct. Simply ask, "Hey, I really like you and I'd like to know if you wanna go out to dinner with me on Friday?" (Don't worry about sounding too formal – chicks dig manners.) Even if she replies, "Just as friends, you mean?" stand your ground and say, "No, as a date." You'll have your answer soon enough.

And if you think that by hanging out with her long enough she'll finally come around and want to be your love slave, think again. Most women know if they want to sleep with a guy within 15 minutes of meeting them. If you haven't bomped that babe yet, you probably won't.

Q: My girlfriend says I can't get genital herpes from her unless she has an outbreak. Is this true?
A: Nope. You most definitely can contract the disease from your girlfriend even when she is showing no symptoms (the most obvious being lesions or sores). It's called Asymptomatic Transmission and approximately one-in-six infected people is thought to occasionally shed active virus without symptoms. But maybe your girlfriend is just misinformed. (Try herpes.com, WebMD.com or the National Herpes Hotline at 919-361-8488.) Having herpes doesn't mean the end of your sex life. Many couples have sex without transmitting the dreaded disease. You just need to avoid sexual contact (oral, anal or genital) when the symptoms are there, and use latex condoms (with spermicidal foam or jelly) and dental dams (a thin sheet of latex over the vagina or anus when giving your lady that fancy tongue action). Remember: Better safe than sorey.

Q: The other night during sex, my girlfriend started to play with my butt and I kinda liked it. Does this mean I'm gay?
A: Yes, yes it does. I'll be sending your official rainbow bumper sticker and tapes of *Queer as Folk* right over. No! Of course it doesn't mean you're on the road to Gayville, silly. (Not that there's anything wrong with that...) Seriously, most men won't admit it, let alone talk about it, ask about it or, heaven forbid, ask for it – but your backside is actually quite an erogenous zone. My advice, though, is to go slowly and use lubrication. Let her start with some gentle circular motions on the outside of your smashed spider before you jump in too deep too soon. If all goes well, maybe she can try inserting her little finger next time. (Or, if you're real lucky, her tongue!) Next stop: strap-on shopping with your lovely lady. Just a thought.

Email Dr. Love:
TongueMagazine@aol.com

Bedroom Talk

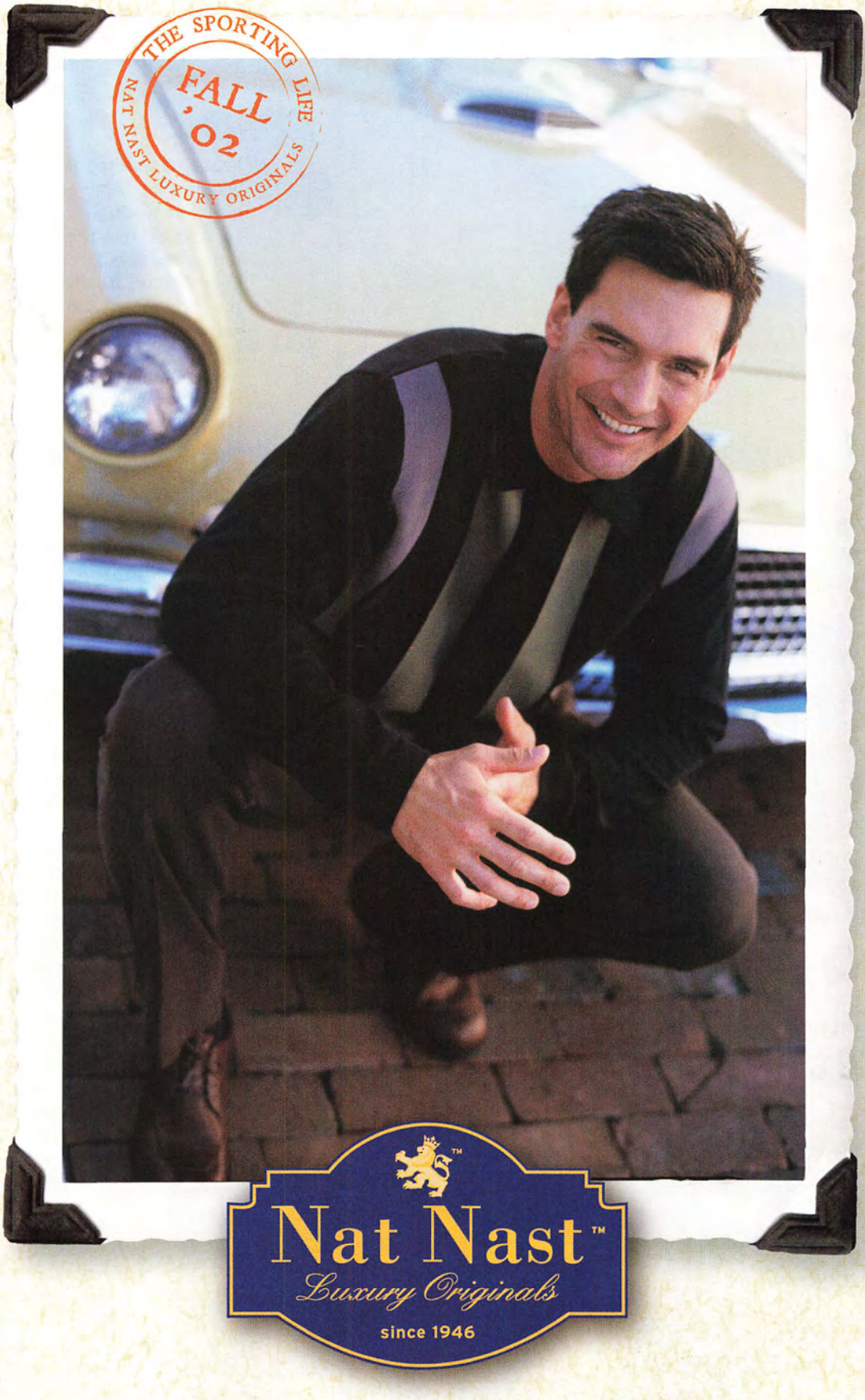
I LIKE A GIRL WHO CAN BE PSYCHO IN THE BEDROOM AND NOT BE A PSYCHO IN EVERYDAY LIFE.
Lit's Kevin Baldes, on good oral sex

IT'S EASIER TO BE COMPASSIONATE TOWARD SOMEONE YOU'RE ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED WITH IF AT THE CORE OF YOUR FEELINGS IS RESPECT.
Moby

IF YOU DON'T LIKE WHO YOU ARE WHEN YOU ARE WITH THEM, IT'S NOT WORTH IT.
Jamie-Lynn Sigler, aka "Meadow Soprano"

THE ONLY WAY I'VE EVER DONE IT IS JUST WHIP THE #%*7@!!! OUT!
Tommy Lee, on having a good time

stylist **inanna bantu** makeup **keston ridley** hair **stardust** model **marran @ who models** top and panties **fine**



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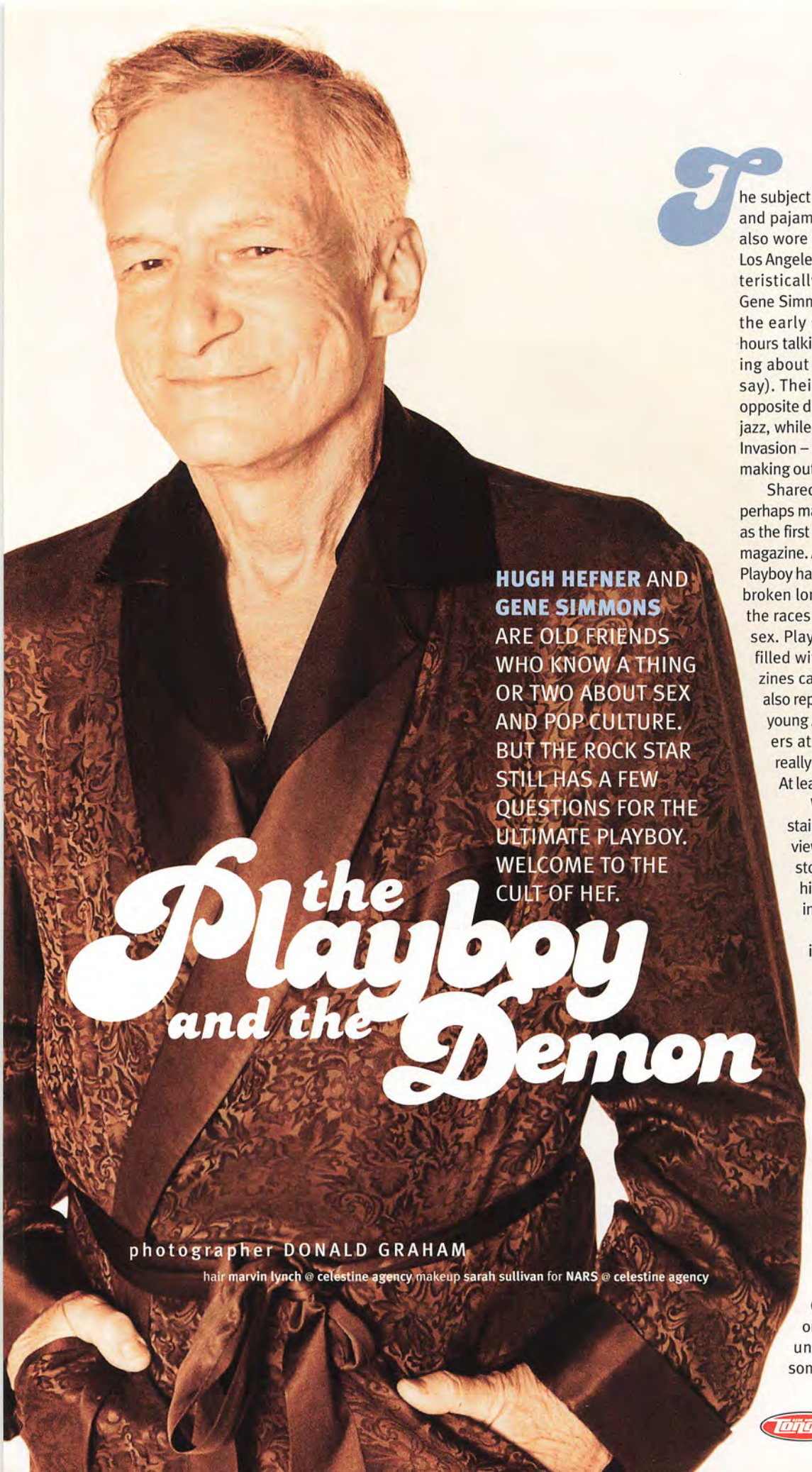


HUGH HEFNER AND **GENE SIMMONS** ARE OLD FRIENDS WHO KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT SEX AND POP CULTURE. BUT THE ROCK STAR STILL HAS A FEW QUESTIONS FOR THE ULTIMATE PLAYBOY. WELCOME TO THE CULT OF HEF.

the Playboy and the Demon

photographer DONALD GRAHAM

hair marvin lynch @ celestine agency makeup sarah sullivan for NARS @ celestine agency

The subject wore red and black, the usual robe and pajamas of shiny, ornate silk. The visitor also wore black, arriving at this castle above Los Angeles in pointy leather boots and characteristically dark threads. Hugh Hefner and Gene Simmons have known one another since the early 1980s, and they've shared many hours talking up the events of the day. Or talking about women (thousands of them, they say). Their musical preferences may run in opposite directions – Hefner champions classic jazz, while Simmons was raised on the British Invasion – but they both share a rich history of making outlandish dreams come true.

Shared experiences, shared ideas. Which perhaps makes Hugh Hefner the obvious choice as the first cover subject of GENE SIMMONS TONGUE magazine. After nearly 50 years, the publisher of Playboy has made not just magazine history, but broken longtime barriers between the sexes, the races and the classes. It's not just about sex. Playboy was never simply a magazine filled with beautiful women. Lots of magazines can make the same claim. But Hefner also represented a lifestyle and freedom that young America craved, about 7 million readers at Playboy's peak. And some buyers really did buy the magazine for the articles. At least sometimes.

When Hefner finally enters the downstairs library at the Mansion for his interview with Simmons, the master playboy stops for a moment, puts his hands on his hips and declares, "So you're going into publishing, eh?"

Simmons smiles. "Well, I'm looking for some advice."

So they sit at the big backgammon table, beside a shiny, sculptured bust of Barbi Benton, Hefner's popular girlfriend through most of the '70s, and got down to business. The trademark pipe is a vice he gave up long ago, but the man is rarely far from a tumbler full of Diet Pepsi. They discuss each other, their boyhoods, and the continuing ramifications of the sexual revolution. The lasting impact of that revolution is something still being enjoyed not only by them, but by anyone reading this magazine.

★

Gene Here we are today, and you're on top of something that is probably unparalleled in the 20th century as something that affected and pervaded

MISS FEBRUARY 2000

SUSANNE STOKES ***Birthday:*** July 9, 1979
Hometown: Everglade City, Florida
Past Lives: "When I was a kid, my dad opened an alligator farm. Actually, it was a whole tourist attraction: we had alligators and emus and he would take people on tours of the everglades. But I would never get in there with the alligators. The little ones, maybe, but not the big ones. Though they usually just sit there like bumps on a log."

MISS NOVEMBER 2000

BUFFY TYLER ***Birthday:*** April 18, 1978
Hometown: Blanco, Texas
Hef Moment: "One year, for Valentine's Day, me and one of Hef's other girlfriends got this robot that plays 'Hunk of Burning Love' really loud when it hears a noise, and we put it outside his bedroom door as a joke. And when he woke up it scared him half to death. It was really funny."

MISS JULY 2001

KIMBERLEY STANFIELD ***Birthday:*** November 18, 1981
Hometown: Vancouver, Canada
Past Lives: "Hef eats ice cream cones all the time. But what's weird is that you can have any kind of food you want at the mansion, so he could have those really good waffle cones, but he really likes those little shitty cones – y'know the kind your mom gave you when you were four."

MISS JANUARY 2001

IRINA VORONINA

Birthday: December 19, 1977
Hometown: Dzerzhinsk, Russia
Mansion Moment: "I have a very versatile look, I can look completely different if I want to. Sometimes, when I'm at the Mansion, talking to someone, and I'll tell them I'm from Russia, they'll say, 'Oh, there was just a Playmate from Russia, her name is Irina. Have you ever met her?' But I always say, 'No....'"

society: the notion that good girls like to have sex, too. It's a revolutionary concept, really, because women have always been relegated to the shadows.

Hef The daughters of Eve are supposed to be the basis of original sin in the Old Testament and the New. Women are supposed to keep us chaste. All those crazy laws, all those crimes against nature. In Georgia – back when I was writing a graduate school paper comparing the first Kinsey Report of the sex laws of the 48 states – you could do 50 years for having oral sex. If you were married, heterosexual, homosexual, it didn't matter. Anything that wasn't intercourse, because the only moral purpose of sex was procreation. Masturbation was supposed to be a sin. It's a misreading of the scriptures.

Gene You come from a middle class background in Middle America. What was the thing that sparked the idea of, "I believe what I believe in, whether the rest of the people get it or not"? It's a singular point of view.

Hef That's a question with no real answer. In other words, what combination of genetics, IQ, focus, the nurturing environment of a family... My folks were very strict Methodist and Puritan, and there were a lot of ministers in the family. One of my mother's close relatives was a missionary. They never really understood what I was all about and what the magazine was all about. They were proud of me, but didn't understand. And in an interview my mother did before she died a few years ago at 101, the reporter asked, "Are you proud of your son?" She said, "Oh yes, but I would have been just as happy if he'd been a missionary." When I read that, I said, "But mom, I was." That's part of what it's all about. Being raised in a truly Puritan home, a home in which both my brother and I knew we were loved, but where there was no outward display of affection. No hugging or kissing. I think in that world I created my own fantasy world. I was a loner. You were probably a loner when you were a kid, too.

Gene I'm an only child. I may as well of landed on another planet. When I came from Israel – for me the pivotal cold water in the face was coming to America, and suddenly saying "I'm alive, don't dare close your eyes or ears, there's so much going on." And it changed me.

archival photos and magazine covers © 2002 by playboy enterprises, inc.

I studied to be a rabbi [*Hef laughs*] until I saw my first Spanish girl, and she's jumping rope. That beats a yarmulke any day.

Hef I think the reactions were similar. In a home where there was no outward affection, my definition very early in life became romantic love as espoused in the romantic music in the '30s and the movies. My life has been devoted to a quest for that impossible world where the words to the songs are true – reaching for something that is out of reach that completes you.

Gene That's a gorgeous idea. Did your friends understand what you were doing?

Hef I was lucky early on. In my immediate neighborhood, there were a couple of good buddies.

Gene Girls, or just guys?

Hef Guys mostly at that point, and then when I got into high school it was girls. On my first date, I took her to the neighborhood theater to see *Jesse James* with Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda. We played our first kissing games. And the next day the sun was brighter, the sky was bluer, everything changed. Also, in the basement of the girl I had a crush on were copies of Esquire. And that, like the movies, suggested a sophisticated world that was not permitted in my home. Lots of things were not permitted in my home. Conversations about sex were certainly not permitted in my home. I grew up with love being defined in romantic terms as reflected by the movies. So parental love and family love had relatively little meaning for me.

Gene Take us through those young years.

Hef I started a penny newspaper when I was 10. I started a school paper called The Pepper when I was in 6th grade. I started doing these comic strips. Some of them were cowboy adventures. Then Superman hit – and I remember the exact day I first heard about Superman – and I created a bunch of superheroes. There was Metallic Man – he was a robot. There was The Mummy, who was like The Spirit, with wraps around his face. There was Cranet, who was like Flash Gordon and went to other planets. Then I did Shudder Magazine, which was a combination of reviews of movies and radio shows, and included comic strips.

Gene And who would get these magazines?

Hef The magazines I created that one summer were one of a kind that I would pass around in the neighborhood. Part of it was an attention device. If you're creating these things, then you are the center of something.

Gene Were you interested in sports at this time?

Hef Very little interest in sports, except for boxing. I was on the track team in high school, but a moment came when the coach didn't want us to go to the afternoon school dance. He wanted his men to be respected for their athletic ability and not for their dancing. That was the end of my track thing. I became a jitterbugger. I was voted the best school dancer.

Hefner creating Playboy on his kitchen table in 1953.

MISS FEBRUARY 1999

STACY FUSON

Birthday: August 30, 1978
Hometown: Tacoma, Washington
Past Lives: "I once caught a 12-pound salmon. I like to go fishing, and even clean the fish myself. I actually took my boyfriend fishing for the first time, and showed him how to clean fish."

Tongue

MISS MARCH 2002

TINA JORDAN

Birthday: August 21, 1972
Hometown: N. Hollywood, California
Most Likely To Succeed: "I was very mature in high school, and knew my sexuality very fast, so I ended up dating a lot of older guys. I never told my dad, though. I just told him I was baby-sitting."

I had a wonderful conflict with the school authorities in high school, because when I became the head of the student council I tried to actually do something at the school, which is not what they had in mind at all. I tried to get a jukebox in the cafeteria so the kids could dance during lunch. The board of education used to hire these old guys who we called the toupee bands – and we had real good student swing bands. I wanted the swing bands to be there for the school dances, and they objected to that. It caused a big brouhaha. I got in a lot of trouble over shit like that. It was really the same kind of thing I was doing later on.

Gene It sounds like you're making your way through your own life and figuring things out for yourself.

Hef Yes, I was always referred to as a dreamer, off somewhere in my own world. I would be up in my bedroom and sit for hours creating my own comic strips and creating my own novels, and I always illustrated the novels. They were usually horror or mysteries. In retrospect, it was all a rehearsal for what I wanted to do.

Gene What is your philosophy about marriage?

Hef The reality is that marriage is a very nice way to raise children. When the average life expectancy was 35 years, maybe marriage made a little more sense. What happens, and what I hated, and part of our western tradition and notions of romance, is that you would meet somebody and fall in love with them, you would marry them, and then the dynamics changed. The center of the family became the children, and the romantic connection was transferred to a mistress. I found that very hypocritical and hurtful. I hate the lies. The immorality and infidelity is in the lying. It's in the deception.

Gene Do you believe the same rules apply to women?

Hef I think it should. In my life they don't, because I was raised a very old-fashioned boy.

Gene So hypothetically, you have a nuclear family, the children are there, and you feel what about the sexuality of yourself in that situation? You were saying that historically, you're supposed to curtail that and all the love centers around the children...

Hef That also is a form of giving up your childhood. Now you have to live for other people and you can't be a dreamer or a kid anymore. It's very interesting that in my comic strip – which I had been doing for many years, through high school and the Army – when I was ready to get married, the comic strip ended. The picture on the last panel says, "The End." What the hell kind of comment is that? It was as if I felt I had to put away the childhood things and become my parents.

Gene You were able to free yourself sexually. You thought, "I know what is going to make me happy." You come from a Middle American

background at a time that was coming out of World War II, a world-shaking event, and there were racial problems. So you freed yourself sexually. How did you get to this point by yourself, certainly ahead of the pack, with this racially tolerant notion?

Hef I was raised in a very tolerant family. There was no bigotry in my family, only when it related to sex. That's where my parents and I separated, when I got to adolescence. I felt they were completely wrong. It was not simply a rejection of sex, it was a rejection of love.

Gene So the Playboy Philosophy really seems to be Hugh Hefner's philosophy about stuff. You start a men's magazine, which on the surface looks to be about beautiful women, and inside you decide on your own – because it doesn't look like it's going to sell you more copies – you decide to put in a black man interviewing a white supremacist. Why would you want to do that?

Hef Because that's the other half of who I was. I saw the opportunity in the beginning of the '60s to use the magazine as a dramatic statement for social change.

Gene That was a really big moment. I remember it was Alex Haley.

Hef Alex Haley wrote a number of things for us. He eventually wrote *Roots*, which came out of the research he did for Playboy. He did the autobiography for Malcolm X, out of an interview he did for Playboy. He did the Martin Luther King interview. But he also did [George Lincoln] Rockwell, the white supremacist, who didn't know [Haley] was going to be black.

You have to see that in context. In 1959, we did *Playboy's Penthouse* and it was integrated on television in a setting that was my pad. So it wasn't just putting a black man out on a stage. It was putting him in my home, socializing with black and white. That did not exist on television at that time. When we opened the first Playboy Club in February 1960, that was integrated.

Gene Every major author in America has appeared in your magazine. So you would try to appeal to Ernest Hemingway to appear in a men's magazine? How do you change the preconceived notion people have that here are beautiful women, here's a foldout, but I want respectable writers in the magazine?

Hef Well, most writers and most artists didn't have those prejudices. Those prejudices are mostly in government and churches. Most writers and artists of whatever bent tend to be liberal, so they don't see a big hang-up. And Playboy was hugely popular with young people on college campuses and in major cities from the very beginning. By our fifth anniversary, our circulation was larger than Esquire's. And that was only the beginning. We had a circulation of a million

The mighty publisher in a classic pose. (above) First issue, November 1953.

"If female liberation means anything, it means sexual liberation as well as all the rest of it, equal opportunity in terms of jobs and education. To give up your sexuality is to give up your humanity."

Barbi Benton with longtime beau Hef and friends make nice in the 1970s.

MISS FEBRUARY 1999

JAMI FERRELL

Birthday: June 20, 1974
Hometown: Greensboro, Indiana
Mansion Moment: "I don't want to say who, but there's one celebrity who's always talking about aliens. He even has this book full of alien encounters from newspapers. And I thought it was a joke, so when I was reading it, I just fell over laughing, but he takes it seriously. I didn't think he'd get all that mad, but he did."

by the end of the '50s. By the beginning of the '70s our circulation was 7 million. Unthinkable for a special interest magazine.

Gene Let me say something about you, because I'm reminded of it every day. I've been happily unmarried for 18 years with Shannon Tweed, who you lived with. I have yet to hear her say a bad word about you. Just the sweetest words come out of her mouth about you and the time she spent with you. Additionally, I have yet to hear anything bad from women about you. These women love you. In the classic nuclear family, there is the marriage, people get married and it's love, and then when they get divorced it turns to hate. So if they can't be lovers, why can't they at least be friends?

Hef One of the saddest things about relationships, whether it's a marriage or a romance, people love each other and become the center of one another's lives, and then something happens and they hate each other. There's all that pain and guilt. That's very, very sad. When that happens, everybody's a loser. I remain close friends with most of the girls I've ever been involved with. And the reason for it is that if you cared for them once they must have had qualities, and they are part of who you are. They are part of your history. I have lots of male friends, but I've been closest to the women in my life. They know I love and respect them and I'm on their side.

The notion that Playboy and I were exploiting women was such a twisting of language and so unrelated to reality. The feminists like to think that it was somehow a plot to get guys laid. The reality is that the women are the major beneficiaries of the sexual revolution. They're the ones who had to live these second class lives where they couldn't be truly human. But I didn't just do it for them. I did it for me, too.

Gene I grew up during the feminist revolution. It was borne in my time, when I was a kid. And I remember having the sense that feminism meant you were not supposed to act sexy.

Hef What kind of a deal is that! [*Laughs.*]

Gene You were supposed to make sure that the males of the world knew you were bright and well read, but that you were not supposed to physically show them that you were sexually attractive.

Hef That is the old Puritan dualism that pits mind and body against one another. The devil is in the flesh, and that is so much bullshit. If female liberation means anything, it means sexual liberation as well as all the rest of it, equal opportunity in terms of jobs and education. But to give up your sexuality is to clearly give up your humanity. That's who we are. If it wasn't for the attraction between the two sexes, what a cold and terrible world this would be.

Gene Along with the food packets we were dropping into Afghanistan, we should have been dropping copies of Playboy. At a certain

Another handsome face on the cover of Playboy in March 1999.

point in the Reagan era, they came after you. Have they made peace with you?

Hef No, we still suffer from limitations in terms of circulation distribution. We don't get the same kind of advertising we used to get in the '60s and '70s. So we are still paying a price for it. But a new generation has grown up, young men and young women, who now look at the political correctness of the '80s as wrong-headed and yesterday's news. So you now see a lot of young women wearing the Playboy rabbit as a sign of empowerment. You see it on female rock stars, you see it in Vogue and Harper's Bazaar. On *Sex in the City*, Sarah Jessica Parker wore the rabbit. Kids in grade school wear it.

Gene When I was growing up in America, the last thing I ever imagined was that I would be on the cover of Playboy. I mean, I can't begin to tell you what it meant to me...

Hef Not till after your sex change. You slipped in there.

Gene The interesting thing about Hugh Hefner is that everybody I meet says that once they've met you, it's like they've been to Mount Olympus.

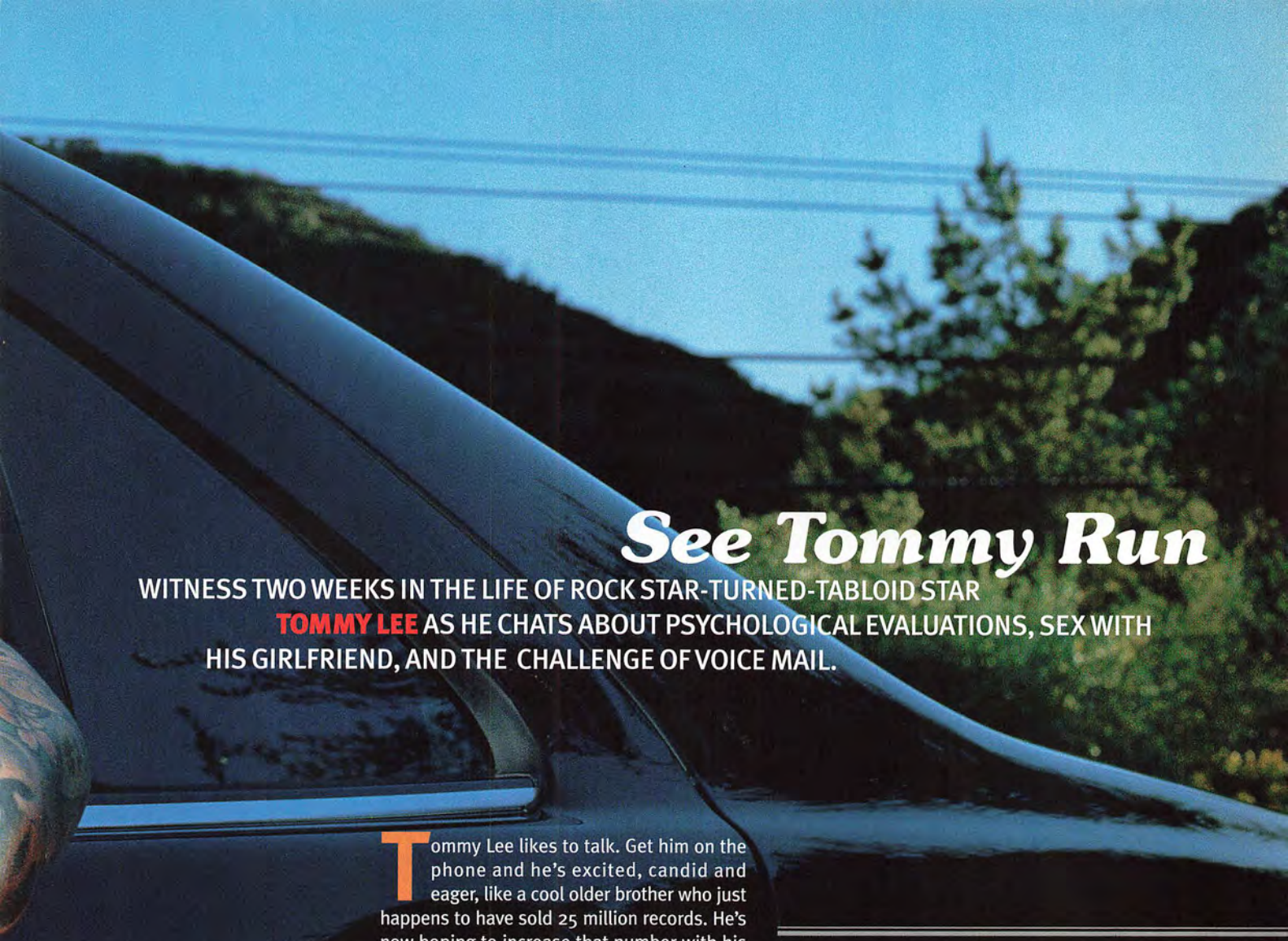
Hef There are so many fantasies and prejudices related to my life. From very early on, because of the nature of my life and because of the nature of Playboy and because it deals with sex, people's perception of me has always been a Rorschach test. It's a projection of their own dreams and fantasies and prejudices. So what people know about me depends on where they're coming from. I've always said in response to that, as good as it may seem, my life is actually much better. It's much better because of the harmony and the friendship and the love. It isn't just sexual orgies. I have an extended family of men and women of common interests. When you come through the gate here, this place really is like a Shangri-La. The rumor is that you don't get old here. ★

MISS OCTOBER 2001

STEPHANIE HEINRICH

Birthday: November 13, 1979
Hometown: Cincinnati, Ohio
Mansion Moment: "At the Halloween party last year, a friend of mine was petting the big spider monkey, and it peed on her. She didn't have anything to change into, though, so she had to go to the bathroom and wash it off. You'd think there'd be women's clothes just lying around, but that's only over by the grotto."

Phone tag



See Tommy Run

WITNESS TWO WEEKS IN THE LIFE OF ROCK STAR-TURNED-TABLOID STAR **TOMMY LEE** AS HE CHATS ABOUT PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATIONS, SEX WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND, AND THE CHALLENGE OF VOICE MAIL.

Tommy Lee likes to talk. Get him on the phone and he's excited, candid and eager, like a cool older brother who just happens to have sold 25 million records. He's now hoping to increase that number with his first true solo album, appropriately titled *Never a Dull Moment*. But the man's got a lot on his mind these days, dealing with the fame (or infamy) that in some places still has him better known for his antics offstage than on. The former Mötley Crüe drummer and Methods of Mayhem leader has remained involuntary tabloid fodder from his on-again off-again marriage to Pamela Anderson, their infamous sex tape, his incarceration for spousal abuse and, later, a nasty child custody battle.

Work on the album and time with his kids have offered some distraction. But add to that the drowning of his son's playmate in his pool last year, plus 475 hours of community service and, most recently, Anderson's allegation that she caught Hepatitis B from her ex, and Lee seems destined to forever remain under the media microscope.

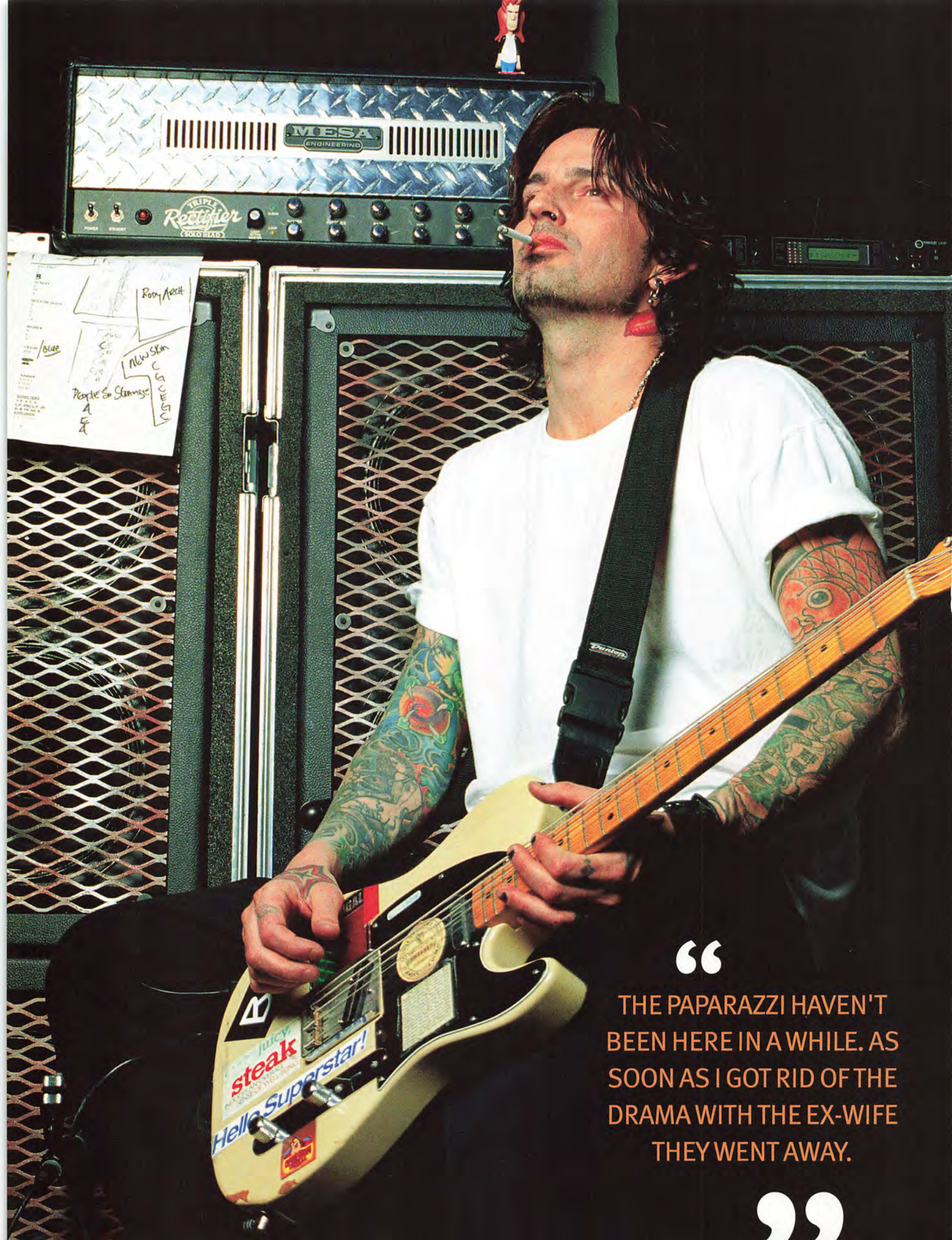
writer DEE Mc LAUGHLIN
photographer STEVE APPLEFORD

So we gave him a KISS cell phone, with a plan to chase down the rocker as often as possible, to chart a verbal diary of life on the run. For the last 18 months, he's had by his side Mayte Garcia, ex-wife of Prince and now a permanent resident of Tommy Land. Fittingly, Lee covers David Bowie's "Fame" on the new album as he plans ahead for another solo tour. But always hovering nearby is talk of a reunion with Crüe, maybe for a one-off mega-cash tour. "It would have to be a fucking shit load!" he says emphatically. "Crüe is so dysfunctional that it would be fucking absolutely painful. I'm so happy right now I just couldn't do that."

How happy? Call him and see.

MONDAY, FEB. 4, 5:22 P.M.

Lee [Calling Tongue voice mail from the KISS phone] "Away from your desk? What kind of bogus number did you give me, dude? Hey, it's Tommy, we're seeing if this KISS phone works. Ah, apparently it does, but it just dialed your office or something. So, you can't be at your desk 'cause you got to be driving home right now. OK. Hey one more thing, what's this sound like...?" [*Click.*]



“THE PAPARAZZI HAVEN'T BEEN HERE IN A WHILE. AS SOON AS I GOT RID OF THE DRAMA WITH THE EX-WIFE THEY WENT AWAY.”

TUESDAY, FEB. 5, 4 P.M.

Lee "I had to go into town as I'm in the custody battle with my ex [Pamela Anderson], so I had to go take a psychiatric evaluation test. It was fucking brutal. 580 questions of 'Have you ever tried to kill yourself?' And you're like, 'No I've never tried to kill myself.' 'Have you ever thought about killing yourself?' 'No, I've never thought about it.' And, 'If you did think about it, did you tell anybody?' Like crazy questions. It's the regular psych eval that they give everybody. So that was a drag. I sat in a little room for two hours filling in the little bubbles with a pencil. It sucked."

Tongue "Do you think you did well?"

Lee "I'm sure I did really well. I'm not a maniac."

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 6, 5:20 P.M.

Lee "I'm chilling at home, I just wrapped up doing a Kerrang [UK music magazine] photo session and interview with this guy with a really gnarly Irish accent. For some reason Kerrang's or anybody over in the UK's questions are always kind of, they sound like paparazzi. Like gossipy or something..."

Tongue "Tabloid?"

Lee "There you go. That's the word I was looking for. Duh! Oh he was asking me if there was fucking paparazzi and photographers and stuff hanging out around the house. And I was like, 'No dude, you know what, they haven't been here in a while. Like as soon as I got rid of the drama the paparazzi went away.' And I was referring to my ex-wife, so he got a nice chuckle out of that one."

Tongue "So when's the Kerrang issue coming out?"

Lee "You know what, I forgot to ask. What a dumb ass."

Tongue "So today was fun?"

Lee "Today was fun. I got a good work out in the gym. I work out six days a week. I kind of upped it, I want to get my body looking good by the time I hit the road. I've got to haul ass. Yeah, slow down on the fatty alcohol stuff and double up on the weight gaining and shit. I have a trainer. I need that. I'm not one of those people who can self-motivate. I can motivate myself when it doesn't involve pain. If it's musical or something like that, but if it involves pushing yourself to a limit like where there's pain involved or a lot of work, I need someone to fucking kick my ass sometimes, you know? I'm not a morning person so my trainer gets here around noon – by that time I've had coffee. I'm a slow waker. It takes me quite a few hours to get it together in the morning, so I got to have some coffee. If my kids are here, it takes me a while to get them together, then by the time noon rolls around I'm ready to take on whatever."

Tongue "Then we should call you after noon?"

Lee "Yeah. You can call me earlier, but you might get a real slow sounding person."

THURSDAY-FRIDAY, FEB. 7-8

Cell phone off. Call Lee's publicist.

MONDAY, FEB. 11, 9 A.M.

Lee's publicist "Management says the batteries ran out on the phone. They've now charged it."

MONDAY, FEB. 11, 11:30 A.M.

Lee "Did you just call a couple of minutes ago? Because my girl [Mayte Garcia] came in and was like 'This KISS phone just rang a minute ago.' Sorry, the other day I looked over and the phone was dead. The guy from my office was like 'Dude they've been calling you and then you don't answer the phone.' I'm like, 'Fuck, it was dead.' We just leave it plugged in now.

My weekend was awesome. I picked my boys up [sons Brandon and Dylan] from school on Friday and we rocked out on the weekend. I took them up to the snow on Saturday. We went up in the ski lift, or ski tram or whatever you call that thing, all the way to the top and threw some snowballs. Did some sledding. Basically just were kids for the day in the snow. On Sunday, we chilled at the house. My kids tear it up here. They always want to swim in the pool and it's too cold now. So I got to tell them it's too cold. But they like to play in their playroom. They got an Xbox and a PlayStation 2, so they're like game-crazy right now. They're going through that phase. They got a Dreamcast machine too. They're so spoiled."

Tongue "Is that for your kids or for you?"

Lee "You totally busted me. Mayte and I will be going to sleep, we'll grab the game and we'll go plug it in upstairs and we'll play *Grand Theft Auto III* for like an hour. It's fucking insane. You walk up and just start beating people up on the streets to a bloody pulp. And then you go and steal any car you want. You can steal a cop car, you can steal a taxicab, a fire truck. And you start beating up on cops, it's the fucking most insane game ever. You pick up hookers. It's crazy. It's totally violent."

MONDAY, FEB. 11, 8:25 P.M.

Lee "It was a typical Monday here. I'm approving photos, checking out the record's art. I got to shoot a video here in the next month. I'm auditioning some guitar players and drummers, so I'm looking through videotapes. It was pretty crazy here. I haven't decided on an album cover yet, so I'm still messing around with some other photos. Everyone is sweating me to have it done by today. [*Laughs.*] I got them all selected, I just got to go now and pick out the best of the best. I've narrowed it down to a few photos to work with. Oh and then I worked on some music with my girl. We just kind of goofed around and worked on music. We're working on some demos right now for her to get a record deal. The record she did was ... well her ex-husband was Prince, so I think that record may have been on her ex's label or something, but she had a couple of really great songs and her new stuff is cool. And I've been writing some new stuff for her. It's like, hmm... I would say it's like maybe Jennifer Lopez meets Sunshine Anderson maybe. Very, very cool. Like really sexy and at times R&B, and sort of dance and funk. I'm helping her all I can."

TUESDAY, FEB. 12, 11 A.M.

Lee "I'm checking e-mail, I got videotapes to look through for guitarists and drummers. I update my website [MethodsofMayhem.com] all the time.

> “IT WAS KIND OF AN EARLY NIGHT. WE JUST WENT UPSTAIRS TO BED AND GOT FRISKY.”

There's a diary section there and photos that I just update here from my house. I'm going to be starting a new one. What is it? TommyLee.tv for all this new stuff. I'm starting to get that together soon too. There's a lot going on, girlfriend."

Tongue "And we want to hear about it so make sure to keep the phone charged."

Lee "Sorry."

THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 4:13 P.M.

Phone rings, no answer.

FRIDAY, FEB. 15, 12:20 P.M.

Lee "I'm actually just recovering from a pretty fucking amazing Valentine's Day and evening. I had a friend of ours who is a full-blown professional gourmet chef come up here and him and I got together, I wanted to do something special for my girl and we put together this aphrodisiac six-course meal that was fucking insane. Everything was really light and in small portions so you got to enjoy all six courses. So that was fun. And then it was kind of an early night, around 9 p.m. we went to bed. And just went upstairs in the room and got frisky."

SUNDAY, FEB 17, 6:32 P,M,

Lee "I played golf today with my manager, my buddy Bobby – he's the drummer for Orgy – and Viggy [production manager]. It rained a little bit but it ended up being a really fun day. Just a little drizzle. We played 18 holes actually. We were out there the whole day, like four or five hours."

MONDAY, FEB. 18, 12:45 P.M.

Viggy "Tommy is actually eating his lunch right now, you guys got this timed? You know right when to call. You want to call back in a half-hour?"

1:15 p.m. No answer.

2:25 p.m. No answer.

4:50 p.m. No answer.

THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1 P.M.

Lee "I'm sitting on the 405, which is a fucking nightmare. God. I normally never leave my house. But I had to come into town to do some business. But I have the pleasure of my girl driving me today. [*Laughs.*] She's getting beat up by traffic today. I've been rehearsing with my bass player this week. I recorded the record months ago, so it's been a while since I actually strapped the guitar on and started singing to the tracks. So I'm kind of re-learning everything. It's a little bit stressful. Auditions are coming up Monday. I'm looking for a guitar player and drummer, so I got to have my shit together, we can't be auditioning people if we suck.

And all I can say is it's a good fucking thing I'm a drummer and I've got exceptional rhythm, because sometimes playing the guitar and singing and doing two or three things at once is really complicated. It's not as easy as it looks. Me and Dave Grohl [Foo Fighters, Nirvana] had that conversation. When I was doing the first Methods of Mayhem tour, I talked to him. I was like 'Bro, were you freaking out the first time you went out and played? Where you nervous? Because I'm so fucking nervous.' I don't want to hit a wrong note on a guitar. You can't really hit a wrong note on a drum. And you can't play a flat note on the drums. It's a percussive instrument; it's not a tonal instrument. But you sing a flat note or play a wrong guitar chord, you sound like shit. So there's really no room for error. So you really have to have your shit together. And it's really not as easy as everybody would like to think it is. It's fucking hard."

[*Click.*] ★

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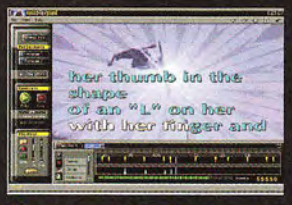

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dress kime buzelli

writer DEE Mc LAUGHLIN photographer STEVE APPLEFORD

AUSTRALIAN FIONA HORNE IS A MODERN WITCH WITH WICCA'D SEX ON HER MIND. NOW THIS AUTHOR, ACTRESS AND ROCKER HAS COME TO HOLLYWOOD FOR AN EXTENDED SESSION OF CASTING SPELLS AND CASTING CALLS.

sexcorated

FIONA Horne's career has taken many incarnations in her 35 years. The popular Australian TV host and blonde babe was a Playboy centerfold, had chart success fronting techno-rock band DefFX and is currently an accomplished author of two books. She's also a witch.

There are no bubbling cauldrons here, though Horne has been practicing witchcraft for 15 years, so there's plenty to fire the imagination. "Witchcraft honors sex," she divulges with a sassy smile. Settling into the velvety red couch of a Los Angeles coffeehouse, Horne begins recounting a weekend coven meeting that she attended skyclad (read: naked). If that brings to mind images of 40 women scampering nude across the countryside under a full moon, kissing each other and singing and dancing in a circle, then congrats, your fantasy just became reality.

However, this recent transplant to US soil is quick to point out that these coven gatherings take place to encourage healing, not hard-ons. So are all male and female witches monogamous? "They can be monogamous if they want to be," the former Catholic schoolgirl asserts. "If you want to practice traditionally, it's actually traditional to swap couples, because in pagan times, it ensured the longevity of the tribe."

Or perhaps it was simply a great excuse for an orgy. "So what? What's wrong with an excuse for an orgy?" she says laughing, eyes lighting up wickedly.

This modern day witch believes that working skyclad is liberating. And she declares that America has a hypocritical attitude towards sexuality, citing the on-air titillation of Howard Stern's show. "Having strippers on each show

stylist **lané pittard** makeup **dean bryant @ mac cosmetics** hair **cori bardo for rex**

right: antique blouse snowpony, los angeles circle skirt ghost silver belt kime buzelli location coral browning garden designs

and parading it as comedy and intellect is bullshit," she pronounces. "It's boring shit. It saddens me, because real sexuality – when you have a sacred approach to it – is a beautiful thing. Every orgasm is a gift to be offered to the universe."

And to be offered in ritual. Horne says that when she does orgasm at the peak of her ritual, the powerful energy propels the spell along to fruition. Think tantric sex and you get the idea. She practices a kind of modern day bed knobs and broomsticks. And with the sudden proliferation of witchcraft or Wicca on TV (*Sabrina the Teenage Witch* and *Charmed*) and movie screens (*Harry Potter*, *Lord of the Rings*), the timing of Horne's new hip guidebook to casting your own spells, *7 Days to a Magickal New You* (Thorsons), is uncanny.

Witchcraft is an ancient but evolving religion and, like Christianity, it has a very checkered past. All those curses and conjuring historically resulted in a lot of witches being burnt at the stake. "We usually don't hex," Horne says of contemporary witches, as she sips herbal tea. "Not because it's a cop out, not because we're trying to be all goody two shoes and white light and all that kind of shit, but because it's not dignified."

"The real wankers, the witches who say they're going to hex someone and do it, tend to be very young and immature. They don't really have the skills to actively fire that kind of loaded bullet. Really powerful witches who are skilled enough to do effective hexes also 99 percent of the time are smart enough not to do them. That's the dumb conundrum."

Horne is also weaving together another book, a teenage guide to witchcraft that will be published in the U.S. later this year, and she's in Los Angeles to explore a television career based on her books. Her impression of Hollywood so far? "Hideous," she says abruptly. "It is a town built on dreams and most of them broken. This is where television shows are made – that's the only reason I'm here. I'd sooner be in New York or somewhere else. I'm not going to bag this town, it is what it is."

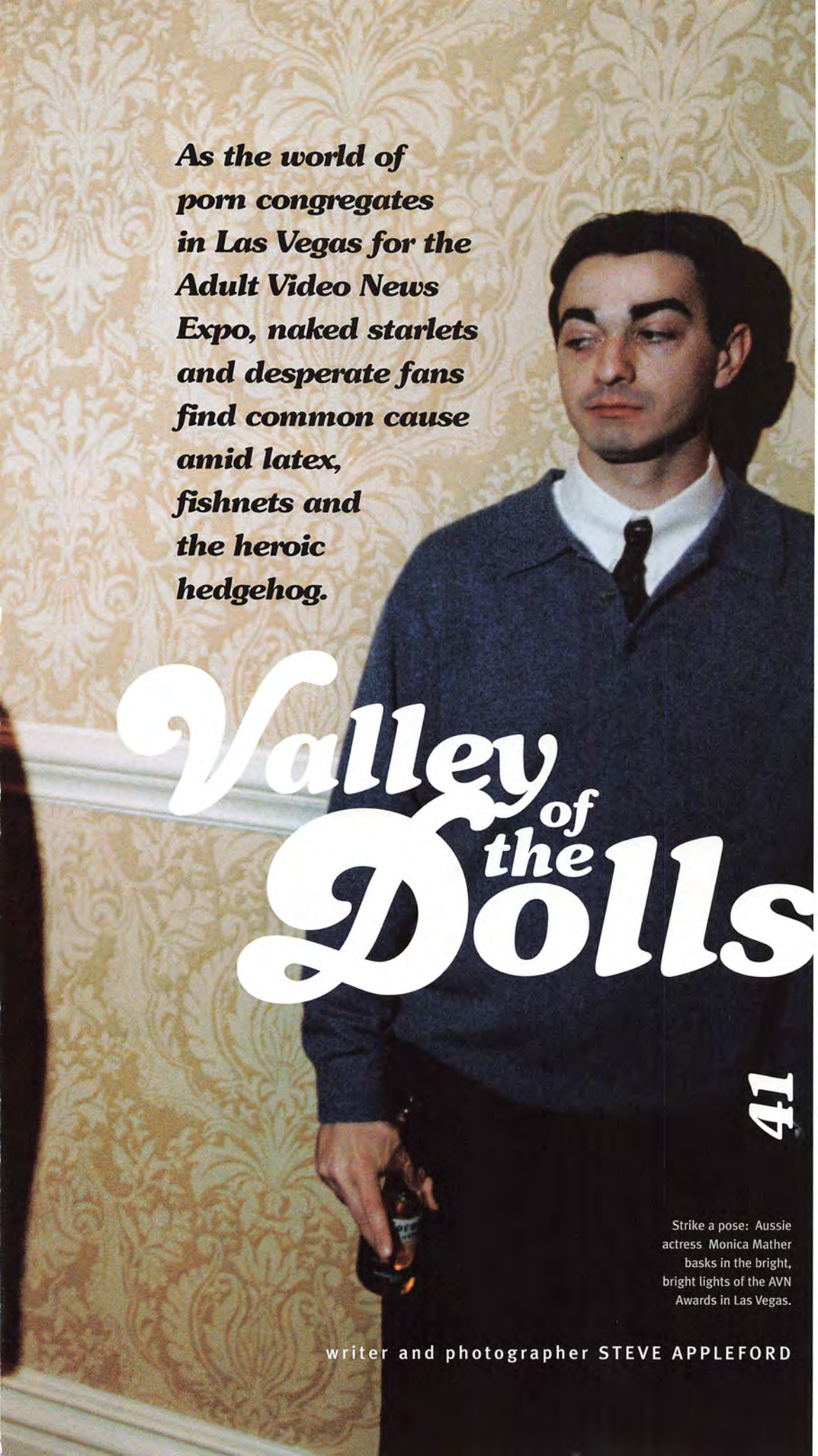
She also encountered the world famous Hollywood Casting Couch. "I have had my time wasted with that absolutely," she states candidly. Taking care not to name names, she recounts a string of legitimate meetings she had that ended with the implication that "unless I fucked the person it was not going to happen, and even if I did fuck him there was no guarantee anyway." She pauses. "The guy would probably have had more of a chance with me if he had had the guts to respect me," she continues unabated. "He would probably have got a fucking amazing shag out of me, because I would have been deeply interested in him and would have wanted to get his rocks off like he's never had it before. Whatever." She rolls her eyes. "I am speaking very glib here," she immediately qualifies. "I'm not trying to sound arrogant. I would never do that to get a part. I'd sooner fail."

But failure is not an option for Horne, the singer, actress, author and now Wicca spokesperson. "I don't see witchcraft as a career move," she muses. "It's blended into my reality in a such a way that's quite strange." Having kept it quiet for long, she sometimes finds it unnerving to speak out about it now. "But mostly I get a lot of support from people who are drawn to the craft," she says finally, "They say, 'We are really glad you're out there letting people know we don't do strange sex rituals in the middle of the night.'"

Well, not often. ★

As the world of porn congregates in Las Vegas for the Adult Video News Expo, naked starlets and desperate fans find common cause amid latex, fishnets and the heroic hedgehog.

Valley of the Dolls



Strike a pose: Aussie actress Monica Mather basks in the bright, bright lights of the AVN Awards in Las Vegas.

writer and photographer STEVE APPLEFORD

"I love you. I love you. I love you...LOVE you. You are beautiful. You are really beautiful. Look at how beautiful she is...!" Al Goldstein is cradling the woman's face in his hands, staring into her eyes, caressing her cheeks, stroking her long blonde hair. They are standing together at the Screw magazine booth in a far corner of the Adult Video News Expo in Las Vegas. They have just met.

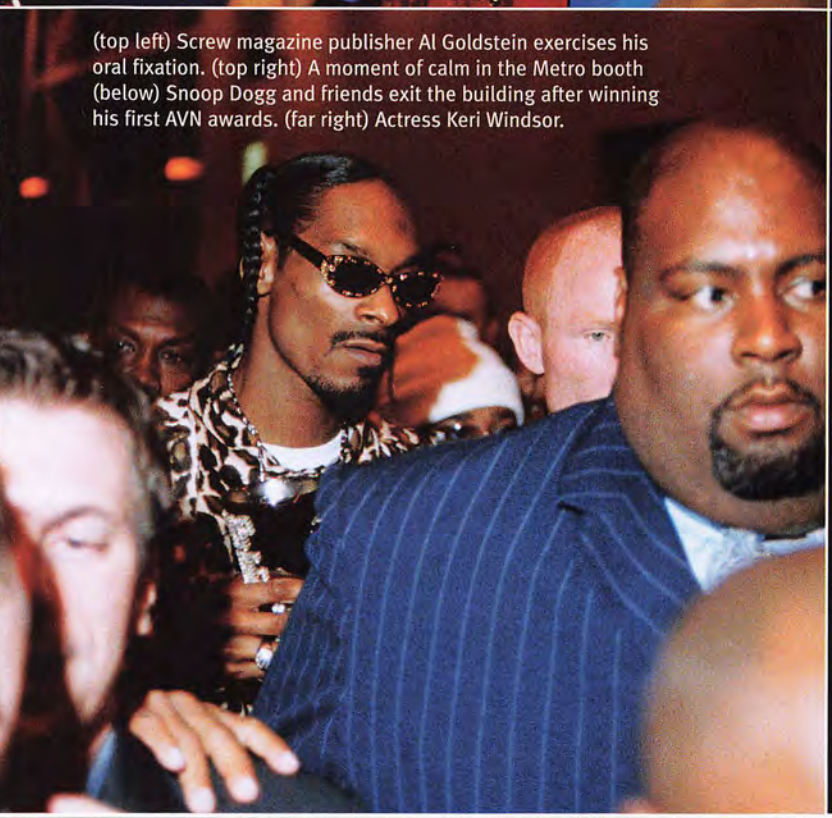
"Two hours," he demands, as in 120 minutes of marathon oral sex performed by Goldstein on this comely stranger. That's his price for appearing on her sex-talk radio show back in Arizona, where he would presumably also discuss his history as the humble publisher of Screw. He is in his 60s. He is wearing a Superman T-shirt. And she is considering the offer. "It's workable," she says. "Everything is workable."

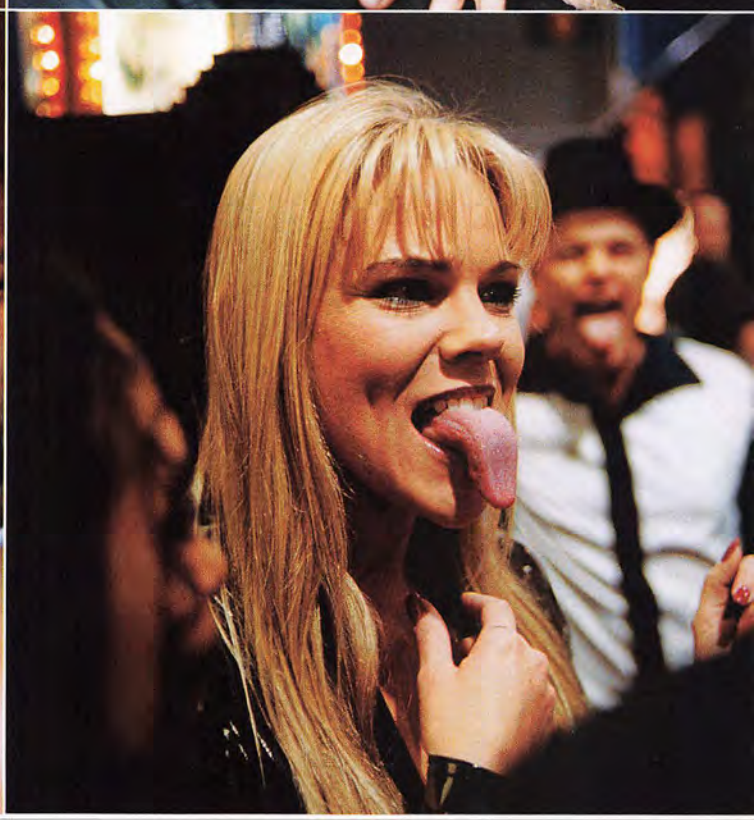
Which is no great surprise at the AVN Expo, where sexuality and graphic sex acts are a given. On display at the old Sands convention hall is a wide selection of unique products – condoms, whips, a latex nurse's outfit, a crystal phallus – plus miles and miles of video tape, unspooling before the bulging eyes of thousands of porn aficionados. Guys on girls, girls on girls, guys on guys, every imaginable number and combination. And the fans are everywhere here, clutching their cameras for desperate snapshots of favorite half-naked actresses, or looking at least for an autograph to share with the boys back home.

Some of the women are nice to look at. Others have different talents. But the only man who seems to matter at all is the amiable porn superstar Ron Jeremy (a.k.a. "The Hedgehog"). He signs autographs, reminisces about his many sex scenes, answers the

(above) Our founder mingles with the AVN masses flanked by actresses Lené Hefner (l) and Kira Kenner (r), Ron Jeremy and the stars of Metro. (right) Another scene of domestic bliss in the Sands convention hall.

(top left) Screw magazine publisher Al Goldstein exercises his oral fixation. (top right) A moment of calm in the Metro booth (below) Snoop Dogg and friends exit the building after winning his first AVN awards. (far right) Actress Keri Windsor.





usual questions about the outsized physical gifts momentarily hidden in his pants. And the man is not only a supremely talented thespian, but amid the porn multitudes he is also the ultimate host, a winking toastmaster and Borsch Belt funnyman with cornball jokes about all your favorite sex acts. So there he was for the Friday night benefit auction, where anyone with enough cash could buy a part in an upcoming sex scene, or just walk home with the far out spacesuit worn by a popular actress in *Taboo 2001: Sex Odyssey*.

The climax of the convention is the annual AVN Awards ceremony, where this year Snoop Dogg made an appearance (along with a posse of burly bodyguards) to pick up an award for his very first porn video. He was not alone. Mingling with the filmmakers and performers were such big, big fans as Mötley Crüe's Vince Neil and Lemmy Kilmister from Motörhead. The Clinton years were a mostly free and easy time for the porn industry, a time of tolerance and growth, inching deeper into the mainstream. But times are changing. A return to the government scrutiny of the Reagan '80s is no one's idea of a good time here. So more than a few winners and presenters felt the need to make the usual demands: Free speech, freedom of choice, freedom from prosecution. Hustler publisher Larry Flynt said much the same in his own videotaped appearance. And why not? Everything is workable. ★

(left) Actress Darla Crane is the lady in red. (below left) Actress Ava Vincent, formerly Jewel Valmont, celebrates her latest AVN awards. (below right) Mötley Crüe's Vince Neil hangs loose at the AVN Awards.

"The fans are everywhere, clutching their cameras for desperate snapshots of favorite half-naked actresses, or looking at least for an autograph for the boys back home."

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BAYWATCH BOMBSHELL AND HEAVY METAL HOUSEWIFE **DONNA D'ERRICO** IS STEPPING BACK INTO THE SPOTLIGHT AND INTO SOMETHING MORE COMFORTABLE

little Queenie

You're an average dude recycling another pint of beer into a bowling alley bathroom. Then some nerd standing at the next urinal starts chatting you up, just talking away, completely breaking the porcelain code of silence. And wait a minute, is he actually checking out your package? So you run, never realizing that the creep you've left behind is the lovely Donna D'Errico, the *Baywatch* blonde first immortalized in Playboy as Miss September 1995, now cruising bowling alley men's rooms in a very clever disguise.

"I totally felt like a guy, but I think I came off as a weak, creepy guy," the petite actress says of the stunt concocted for her *Prima Donna* show on MTV. "And I didn't have any takers. Plus, now I know that talking at a urinal is a big taboo!"

Not that she'll be frequenting men's rooms again in the near future, but the stunt suggests a

"I'm sure my costume will be something that accentuates the melons."

state of mind forever twisted by hours spent watching the likes of Tracy Ullman, Carol Burnette, Ruth Buzzi and other screwball chicks. D'Errico's own life and career has taken her from Catholic schoolgirl to Vegas stripper, from guest-hosting E!'s nutty *Talk Soup* to falling prey to a quarter-million angry bees in *Candyman 3*. And in a few hours, D'Errico will be in front of the cameras again, this time for a cameo in the upcoming *Austin Powers* sequel.

She plays a fruit vendor selling melons. "I'm sure my costume will be something that accentuates the melons," she says, adding a faux-evil laugh. Let's hope so.

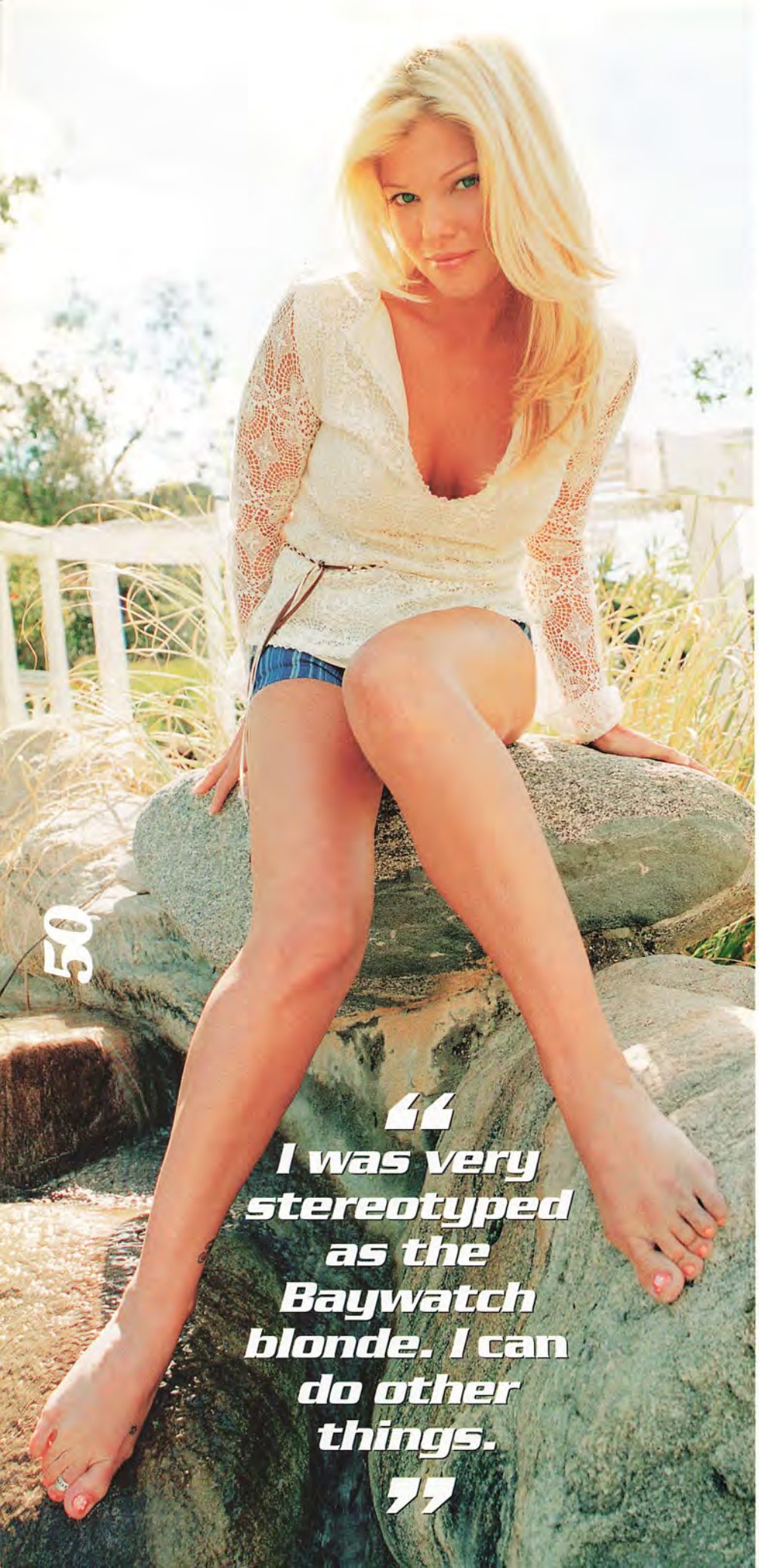
For the moment, she's dressed in tight blue pants, a blue halter top and high platform shoes, looking even better up close than she does in the glossy glamour portrait that graces her mantle. While *Baywatch* compatriot Pamela Anderson frolics with her rock star *du jour*, D'Errico keeps a comfy, remote love nest with her own tattooed love boy. She shares this mini-mansion in the hills above Malibu with spiky-haired husband Nikki Sixx, the co-founder of Mötley Crüe whose song "Kickstart My Heart" documented his brief death and res-

left: bottoms underwoos right: suede top perry white

urrection after a heroin overdose. For him, this is all life after death. And a moment ago he gave D'Errico a goodbye kiss before roaring his '57 Chevy down the long driveway back down into civilization.

D'Errico has kept a low profile these last several years. A year and a half ago, she had her second child – her first with Sixx – naming her Frankie-Jean Sixx. And more recently she's been busy creating her own spa, called DK Renu and still under construction just outside Los Angeles. But D'Errico is also stepping back into the spotlight. She just completed a course with the Groundlings comedy group and imagines herself appearing in the kind of comedies that once starred Chevy Chase or Leslie Nielsen. "If anything, taking these couple of years will be really beneficial. Up until then I was very stereotyped as the *Baywatch* blonde. I can do other things."

After growing up in small-town Georgia, with just three TV channels and no MTV, D'Errico enjoyed a fast rise to fame, beginning with the moment a scout from Playboy tapped the young single mother. After a brief stint as a Vegas stripper, she arrived in Los Angeles.



Three months later she was hired as the new girl on *Baywatch*. Other gigs followed, including commercials and guest spots on *Married with Children* and elsewhere. "I didn't know that all Playmates got that stuff," she says with a pout. "I thought I must be really special!"

The former Playmate is already prepared for that moment when her kids start asking about all those naked pictures. "That's never gonna come up, what are you talking about?" she says with a grin. And if her daughter wanted to pose? "Absolutely not!" She's kidding again. And she notes that despite her religious upbringing, "My family was all for [Playboy]." Which makes it unanimous. "I've always been level-headed."

The first concert she ever attended was by Mötley Crüe. She was already in her mid-20s, and D'Errico had never shown much interest in rock stars. She had been a good student back home, with no rock posters on her walls, just a cross and some sewing samplers. So she never even bothered to make the "big trek" to Atlanta for a big rock show during high school, though she remembers hearing Mötley Crüe songs on the radio without ever knowing what the band looked like. So it was that *Baywatch* babe supreme, Pamela Anderson, then married to Mötley Crüe drummer Tommy Lee, who set D'Errico up for a blind date with Sixx.

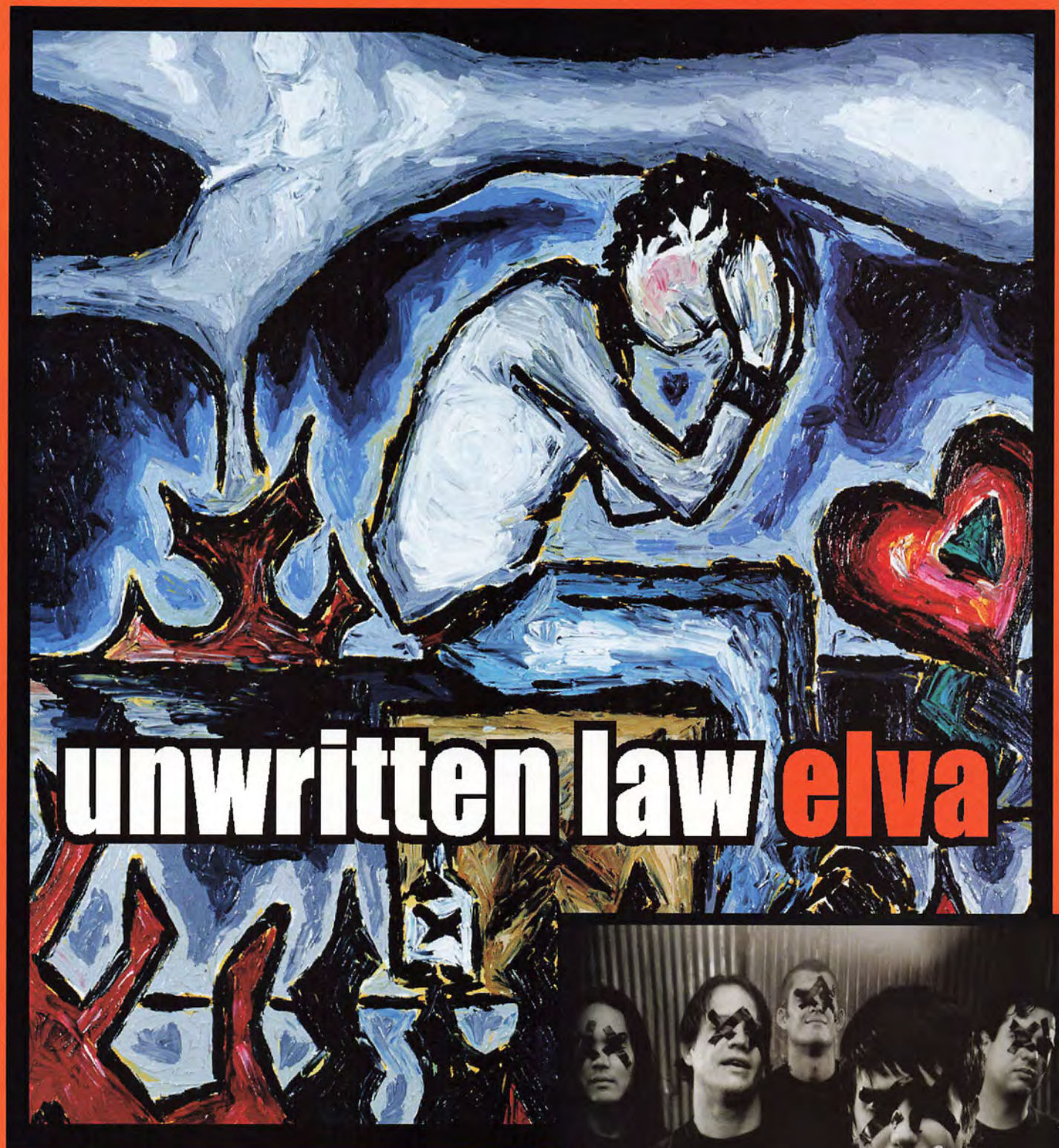
"I really, really did not want to go out with him," D'Errico says now. "Pam knew he was single with kids and I was single with a kid, and there you go. Both love kids, both single, both in entertainment."

But D'Errico was busy, and not particularly interested, so the date began on the set of *Baywatch*. And as Sixx recalls in the Crüe's recent group autobiography, *the Dirt*, "She couldn't have been any less excited to meet me. I guess the last thing she wanted to do was get involved with a tattooed, heroin-shooting womanizer with three kids...." The first impressions were so bad that he actually tried to lose D'Errico as she followed him in her car to a Hollywood club that first night. They were married in 1996.

While the Anderson-Lee union had a very public meltdown, D'Errico and Sixx have so far survived the usual challenges of an entertainment marriage. (It was already Sixx's second marriage to a Playboy bunny.) She says she's "pretty happy, pretty content." And right now she's contemplating that melon-enhancing costume.

"To have a job where I have to look good – that's been my choice. To be physically who I am has been my choice. Those are roles that I'm going to get offered," she says. "It's not like if I wanted to be an actress I *had* to be thin and have breasts, but that was my choice." So it's back to work. Just as soon as the kids get back from school. ★

lace top and hot pants **plenty**



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Unmasked
Fred Durst

The boy who would be Ace Frehley: Little Fred at the end of the '70s.

Moving Target

The man who helped create the monster known as rap-metal confesses to our founder about KISS, guitar players, escaping suburbia, and the daring rescue of* Limp Bizkit.** ***But what he really wants to do is direct.

photographer
STEVE APPLEFORD

Fred Durst rolls up to headquarters of GENE SIMMONS TONGUE magazine in a slick new Mercedes. His red cap is now history, finally left behind in the '90s, so he walks up the steps dressed in black, ready to talk to a man he openly admits (again and again) helped inspire his own dreams as a young rock fan. His driver stays behind the wheel, preferring to talk for hours on the cell. Gene Simmons has many questions for the young rock star. He knows what Durst is going through.

Not long before, Limp Bizkit guitarist Wes Borland had quit the band. Creative differences, of course, and a potentially fatal event for any major rock act. So now Durst was preparing to begin a month-long tour of Guitar Center stores around the country, where local guitarists and fans of unknown musical ability would be invited to audition for Borland's place. Durst, now 31, is determined that the band he founded in 1994 survive, and in recent weeks he has been virtually living at the Record Plant studio in Los Angeles, laboring over songs destined for the band's fourth album.

As a vice president at Interscope, and as the owner of his own Flawless Records imprint, Durst has enjoyed addi-

tional success bringing the hard rock likes of Staind and Puddle of Mudd to the charts. At the same time, he's preparing to launch a career as a feature film director. That may seem an unlikely career move. But with the help of director and mentor David Fincher (*Seven* and *Fight Club*), Durst is moving closer to his dream of making films, which pre-dates his career as a rock star, and yet somehow led to his creation of Limp Bizkit.

"My story, my interviews, I really don't have anything. I don't know what my purpose is," Durst says. "I don't know how I'm sitting here in Gene Simmons's office, man. For me, I'm stoked. I'm not jaded. I'm not fucking Hollywood. I'm here because this is where I'm going to become a fucking director."

Simmons What was the point in your life where you decided you didn't want to be a dentist or a Marine or something else, and decided to do this?

Durst I grew up in a very poor place. Not a lot of money, dirt roads, in Gastonia, North Carolina, about 20 minutes outside of Charlotte. I was born in 1970. So in the mid-'70s, Gastonia had a very small population, very country, very backwoods, very redneck, very black. I don't remember knowing any Jewish people, any Japanese people, not anything. Dad was a police officer. Mother worked at a day care and then got a degree in mental health.

Simmons And you're an only child?

Durst I have a younger brother. My parents met over their love for music. All they did at every get-together was play their acoustic guitars, singing anything from Elvis to Willie Nelson to the Beatles. I grew up staring at the *A Star is Born* album cover, and Led Zeppelin albums and Cream and Vanilla Fudge and tons of Elvis Presley. I loved music, for sure. I didn't know that's what I wanted to do. Then I became obsessed with your band.

Simmons Why? What did it mean, besides "I like that song"?

Durst It was more than human, and it was still musical. I believe you're born with the ability to get it or not get it. So when KISS came into my life as the rock band that I could identify with for some reason, that was the first time I pretended to be a rock star, pretended to play the bass, sing the songs. It was my thing. I would dress myself up and go to school in this really ghetto country school...

Simmons What did your friends say?

Durst I got the shit beat out of me a lot. I was

★ BEING A ROCK STAR TO ME WAS A SUBLIMINAL WAY TO ESCAPE SOMETHING, BUT I WAS FINE BEING ME. I JUST LOVED IT. ★

a very underdog person. For me to be where I am now is very ironic. I run into people now when we're going through North Carolina who used to stalk me and beat my ass. I see them at my shows, trying to get in: "Hey, *man*...!" But I just wasn't scared to do anything like that. It was like an obsession with me. I didn't even identify with the lyrics, to literally put them to my life. I was too young to have wisdom. I just liked the way it sounded. From that, I loved songs with real structure, I loved songs with balance. When the first notes come on, you don't mistake it for any other song. At this point I was 8 or 9.

Simmons So something about these bands makes you think about bigger things.

Durst I had black friends and I had white friends. It was really weird, and my father didn't like the black guys. He didn't like tattoos or the earring, so I'd have to take my earring in and out when I came home. I gave myself homemade tattoos with India ink and pins.

Simmons What was your first tattoo?

Durst It was a cross that I did on my arm, kind of like Peter Criss's cross. I've covered it up, because it was pretty bad. [*Simmons laughs.*] It was ghetto, you know? But I had some black friends, and at the same time I was obsessed with rock 'n' roll – I had friends with relatives in New York sending them cassettes with this rap music. When I got a hold of this rhythm, I just knew I liked all different kinds of music. Where I'm from that's unacceptable. You couldn't be friends with black guys. I'm listening to rap and I have a KISS T-shirt on.

Simmons How old were you then?

Durst This was about 1982, so I was about 12.

Simmons Any girls yet? White friends or black friends? Were you a loner?

Durst I was a loner. I was a guy that could walk in the ghetto, the really bad ghetto, and everybody's cool with me. I went into it blindly. It wasn't any difference for me. You don't really think it's so bad because you know friends there. I didn't have a relationship with my parents, man. I just didn't think they understood me, so I would rather keep to myself. So you meet a black dude who doesn't care that you're white in a city where it's very racial.

Simmons I came from another country, and for me the Beatles and rock 'n' roll and Superman were a way for me to get out of who I was. I didn't have to be who I was born. I could reinvent myself. So with Elvis or KISS or anybody else, did you think of it as a way to get you out of this place?

Durst When I would see people on stage, and rock 'n' roll, I just said to myself, "That's me. I can do that. I got a great idea, and here's what I think they did wrong..." That's my thing. I never thought it would get me out of anywhere. I didn't know what L.A. looked like till I came here. I didn't know what sushi was. I didn't really know what the big picture was. I didn't dream of going to New York. I dreamed of definitely making money. I was a skater, I was on the street, I had no money. I was stealing when I was a kid. I was doing anything I could to stay away from my parents.

Simmons Tell us about that.

Durst I was always grounded or in trouble. My father was really militant. So I just took off on my own. I had my skateboard and would sleep on the streets. I did whatever I had to do, just to skate and get a cheeseburger from McDonalds. It didn't matter to me.

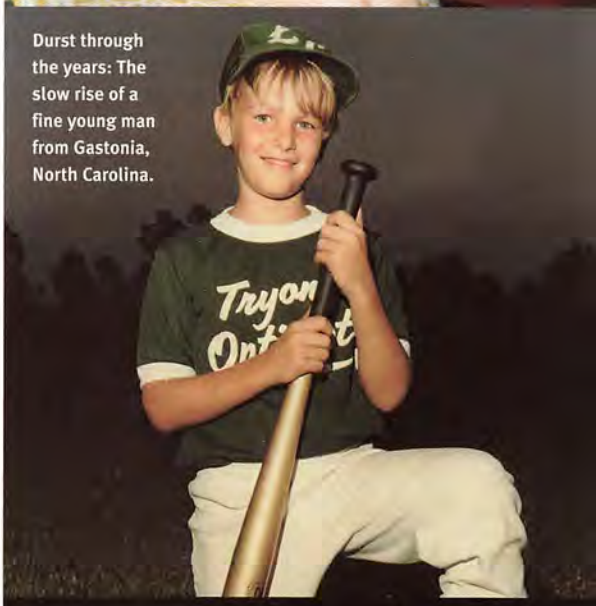
Simmons Did you think of yourself as a good guy or a bad guy?

Durst I always knew I was a good guy. I always thought of myself as surviving. But I didn't think of leaving the city. To me going to Charlotte was huge. Holy shit, I'm in Charlotte! [*Simmons laughs.*] Whoa!

Simmons Did you have a plan?

Durst My whole thing was, I wanted to be a movie director, man. I love all these great movies: *Apocalypse Now*, *A Star is Born*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Badlands*, *Chinatown*, *Mean Streets*. I never fell for any of the bad teen stuff. I liked movies that were good. I knew that, and said, "How can I fuckin' direct a video? If I direct a video, someone will let me direct a movie! You know what I'll do? I'll put together a band and get a record deal. That's going to be easy." I didn't even think about it.

I was never thinking of this huge picture ever, man. I guess being a rock star to me was a subliminal way to escape something, but I was fine being me. I just loved it. It was so cool, you get on stage and all these people are singing with you. It was this whole big thing because nobody liked me. I was a reject, a weirdo kid at a school with rednecks. Then I started to direct my videos. Now I can do what I want to do. Set me up! I want to meet Martin Scorsese, I want to meet Francis Ford Coppola, I want to meet David Fincher, I want to meet all these people! And I still didn't realize how stupid I was. So now we're a rock band that's blowing up. People think we hate women, people think we're loud and screaming... I'm this rock star now. I love music. It's very cool, being on stage, people accepting me. But I want to direct films. And the film industry is like, "You can't direct a fucking movie. You're not a fucking director." So I had to keep meeting these movie people and proving myself. David Fincher became interested in me a while back and took me under his wing as my mentor.



Durst through the years: The slow rise of a fine young man from Gastonia, North Carolina.

Simmons Whenever you do make a movie, will you show a side of yourself that will surprise people? Will it be a different vibe from Limp Bizkit?

Durst For sure. I'm not going to go make a crazy violent movie or a rock 'n' roll movie. People will be very surprised. But people love you for what you first came out with, and if you go off the path your fans get fucking pissed off at you. When I liked KISS growing up, I didn't give a fuck about anything else. I wanted them to be fucking KISS, that's it. And you go through that when you're a kid. You don't want to see

some killer rock star chilling out drinking a tea. What the fuck are you doing?

With KISS, when they got new members in their band, it was not cool, man. It's fucking over. I don't give a fuck about any of their music past that. I couldn't name you a song besides the hit singles. It's not KISS. Now I'm living it. My guitar player just quit my fucking band. And I'm going, Oh my God, I'm living what you almost can't get over. Unless the music is undeniable, next level, the *shit*, you lose. You're done. I'm living what KISS lost for me. You can't replace Peter Criss and Ace Frehley! No way.

Simmons Why did Wes Borland leave Bizkit?

Durst I put together this empire. And I want my brothers to go along with me, and we will all reign supreme together. But I produce the records, and market the band, and direct the videos. And Wes has another side to him that's more eclectic. He's very creative and very talented, a brilliant guy. I was the businessman, I took it all under control, did all the meetings, pushed myself and my band, and these guys just chilled. So it got to a point where he was always against the grain. He never wanted to do anything we wanted to do. He kept to himself. We had a dressing room, and he had his. There wasn't a "Fred" dressing room. And he didn't really like anything we did activity-wise. He doesn't go to titty bars, doesn't hang out, doesn't party. And he's married, which is cool, but so are other people. And we're in a rock band, you know?

We started writing this fourth record, and he just wasn't coming up with anything that any of us could feel. He became really obsessed with Radiohead. And I am a huge Radiohead fan. So he came in, and instead of playing a guitar, he brought in pianos and keyboards. Wes really wanted to go there. And we said OK, but anything that had a ring or a catch to it, he didn't want anything to do with it. He goes, "I want be underground." For me, that's alienating a lot of people and it's not growing or maturing the music. So he just called up and quit. It was just like that.

Simmons When guys first go through life, we think we've got it figured out. Me, too. I was just like you. When Brian Jones left the Stones, it was no longer the Rolling Stones. The Stones became bigger than ever, with all the other guitar players that came in. So there's taste and there's pragmatism. And you're going to have to jump through that hoop. The fire's been lit, and all the things you thought – all the originals, we're tight, we're brothers – no. What I learned is that rock bands are more like commandos or football teams. Which means that if I toss you the ball and you drop it, you've got to kick the guy out of the way. Or if he wants to leave you get somebody else. And along the way you're going to piss off a lot of fans.

Durst I was in that frame of mind about KISS.

Simmons Me, too. When I was that age it bothered me too. And when mom and dad, if we love both of them, and they don't stay together, we can't fathom it. What are you talking about? What are you doing to *me*? And all they're trying to do is survive. Mom and dad split up because they're going to kill each other.

Durst It's human life.

Simmons So talk about drugs.

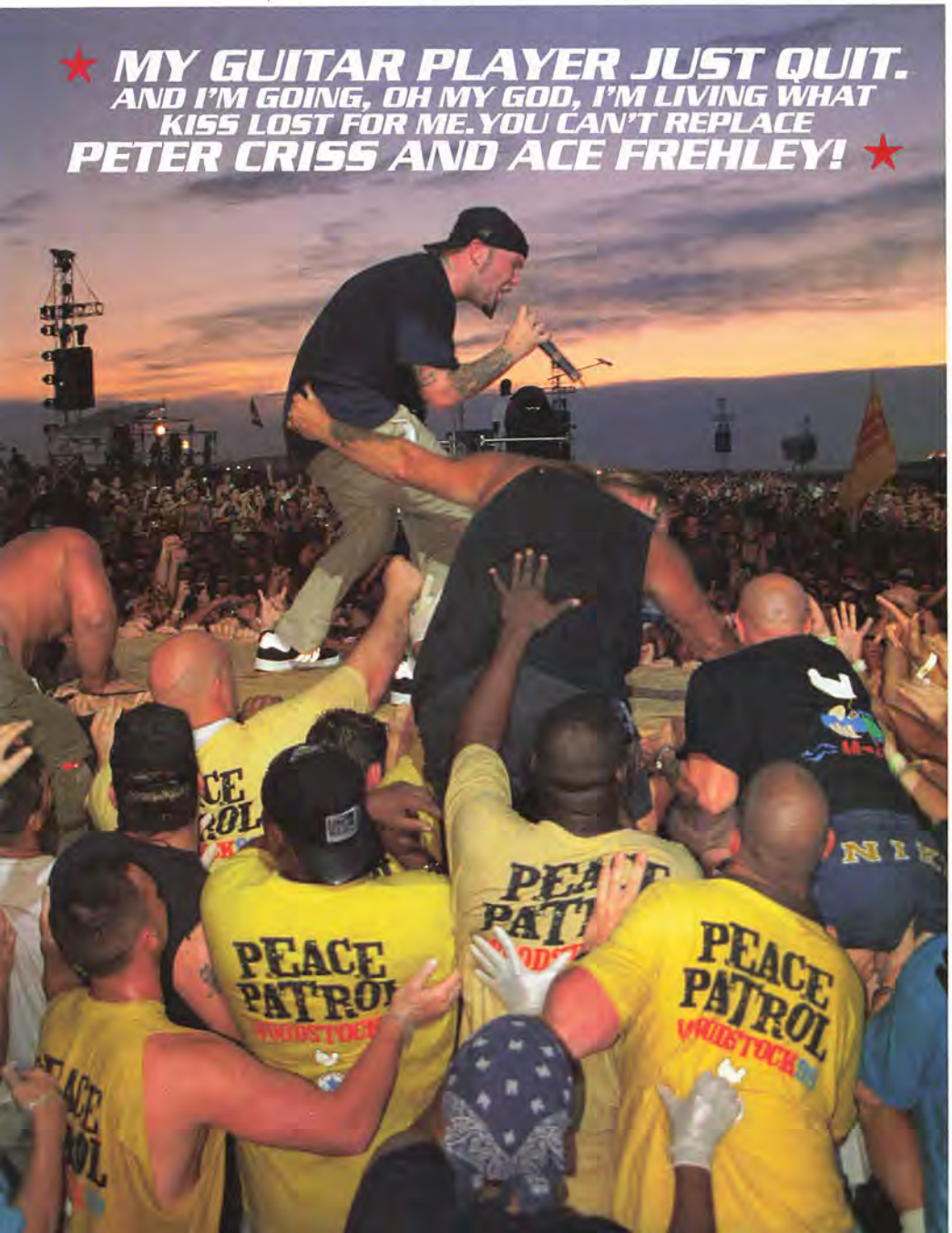
Durst For one thing, my father's a police officer. Drugs were just this really bad thing to me. And I had a couple of buddies who did drugs and they were always sick and acting crazy. That spooked me out. I tried pot around 16, laughed a whole lot, smoked it obsessively a whole week, and then had a paranoia attack beyond my comprehension. Pot was done. I never got into drugs.

Simmons Do you want to continue making records, or do you just want to say, "You know what, I'm a film director"? What's going on in the future?

Durst You know, I'm a renaissance man. I just can't devote all my creativity to one thing.

Simmons So what *don't* you want to do anymore?

Durst What I don't want to do anymore is to have to continue to prove myself. But that's my life. I want to just give it to you. I want to speak with actions. ★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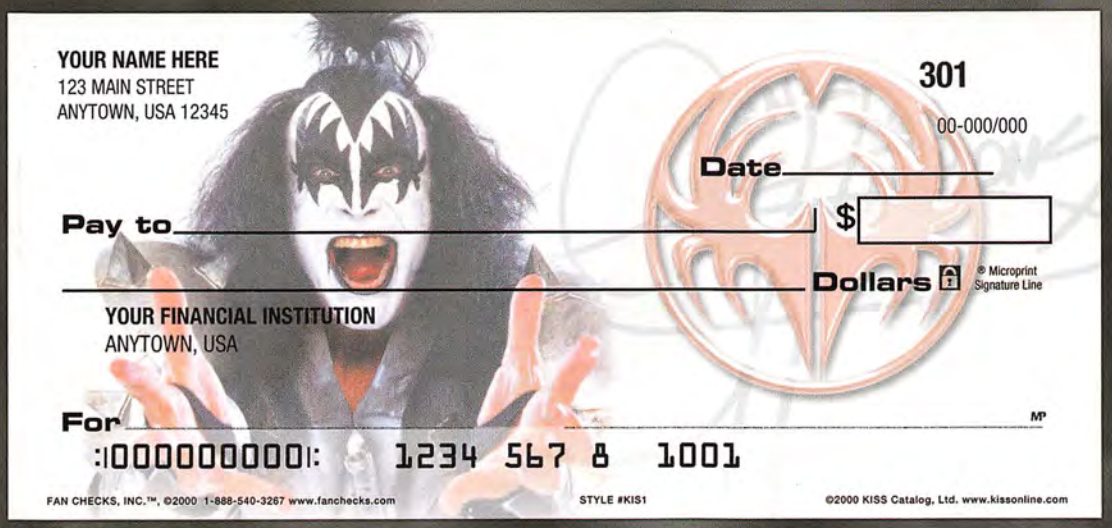
KISS LOST FOR ME. YOU CAN'T REPLACE
PETER CRISS AND ACE FREHLEY! ★
PEACE
PATROL
WOODSTOCK

Crowd control: Durst communes with the Limp Bizkit faithful at Woodstock 1999.

photo david mantel



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ACTRESS **MAJANDRA DELFINO** IS READY TO EXPLORE LIFE BEYOND *ROSWELL*, WHICH COULD MEAN NUDE SCENES AND A GIG SINGING FROM BEHIND BARS.

Close encounters of another kind

Fans of the sci-fi drama *Roswell* may be disappointed when they meet Venezuelan-born beauty Majandra Delfino. "I'm not who they think I am," says the 21-year-old actress, who plays girl-next-door Maria DeLuca on UPN's Tuesday night cult hit. "Maria's your average teen. She's sweet and naïve. We're totally different."

Unlike her TV alter ego, Delfino grew up early. At 16, she left Miami to pursue acting in Hollywood. And after a role on the short-lived sitcom, *The Tony Danza Show*, she found stardom as an alien-smitten teen on *Roswell*, and later on the big screen in the Oscar-winning *Traffic*. Now she's veering into new territory with the release of her debut album, *The Sicks*. The hazel-eyed crooner admits she first approached record companies two years before earning accolades and fans on *Roswell*. Few labels took notice then of the aspiring rocker, she remembers, debunking her sound as "too dark" and suggesting she transform her melancholy tunes into candy-coated pop. "They wanted me to be Jewel or Natalie Imbruglia," Delfino moans, rolling her eyes. "Today, they'd probably want me to be Nelly Furtado."

The Sicks (Dripfeed Records) is a far cry from mainstream pop, and has more in common with Bjork than fellow teen idol Britney Spears. But her fan base still consists of feverish male admirers. "Once this guy sent me a condom and told me to save it," recalls the honey-haired singer. "He said he was going to use it when we had sex. I was like, 'Yeah buddy!'"

Majandra is somehow quick to forgive such lewd behavior. "If you're a fan and you have sexual thoughts [about me], I can kind of understand," she says. Bad pick-up lines are harder to take. "I hate to go out because of the crap men say. It's just not endearing," says the former debutante, who split with co-star Brendan Fehr last year. "I like nerds. I've never had a boyfriend where it didn't totally sneak up on me and we weren't already farting in each other's presence."

The willowy actress went through a geek-ridden stage of her own. "In one week, I ended up getting glasses and braces," she says nostalgically. "I was the happiest kid in the world."

Not that you would guess it from her appearance now. The five-foot-four actress is a stunning, pouty presence, at the moment decked out in a red Spider-Man baby tee and hip-hugging corduroy skirt. And Delfino isn't shy about her tightly toned body. "I would totally do nude scenes," she says. "In movies, you're supposed to be imitating life. Therefore, you're supposed to be naked. It's silly to say, 'In life, you don't see my boobs!'"

Just don't expect to catch a revealing glimpse of Delfino anytime soon. She wants to focus on her music. Unfortunately, her continuing duties on *Roswell* keep her close to home in Los Angeles, acting 14 hours a day, three to five days a week, and far from any rock'n'roll dreams of touring across the country.

"Just the word 'sci-fi' makes me want to puke," she admits. After *Roswell* ends, she has no plans to return to series television, and being locked into the same character for year after year. She'd rather sing. "I want to sing in a birdcage," she says coyly, envisioning herself in concert. "I want to have a custom-made, gilded birdcage." ★

> "I WOULD TOTALLY DO NUDE SCENES. IN MOVIES, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IMITATING LIFE. THEREFORE, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE NAKED."

writer DANA MELTZER photographer DAVID SAFIAN

makeup **kim goodwin @ cloutier/sue devitt cosmetics** hair **Maria Randelman** location **thelalofts.com**

production **jewely bennett** catering **l'ectric bleu**

on stephanie (left):
vintage black
leather jacket
decades la
and barneys ny

on theresa (right):
jean jacket by
earl jean

On the road and off, dressed up or dressed down, these biker chicks live to ride and ride to live.

Highway to Heck

photographer SUSANNA HOWE @ KATY BARKER
stylist **renata paris @ magnet la** hair and makeup **jennifer pitt @ magnet, la / delux beauty**
models stephanie hodge @ q, theresa wayman @ jpa print and billy patchen @ home

theresa:
black leather and
lace top by **guerriero**
tan denim mini skirt
by **dolce & gabbana**

stephanie:
burgundy and black
long dress with
lace details by **m.r.s**
vintage boots
and jewels

theresa:
green short dress
by **maggie barry**
crocheted bikini
bottom by **suss design**
motorcycle boots
by **frye**

(above) theresa:
handmade leather pants by **lost art**
black bra by **cosabella** silver jewels,
vintage black rubber bracelets

(right) stephanie:
vintage band t-shirt, black leather
shawl by **lost art** suede mini skirt
from **dolce & gabbana** black
calf boots by **armani**

theresa:
black leather and lace top by
guerriero tan denim mini skirt
by **dolce & gabbana** motorcycle
boots by **frye**

billy:
his own vest &
t-shirt **levi's** jeans

stephanie:
lavender lace & satin
panties and stockings
by **agent provocateur**
black camisole by
earl jean feather
earrings **lotta, la**
silver jewels vintage

theresa:
antique rose
corduroy vest by
marc by marc jacobs

photographer RON CADIZ @ racermedia

IVY SUPERSONIC IS A HUMBLE HAT-DESIGNER AND CHAIN-SMOKER WHO RASPS HAPPILY ABOUT FEATHERS, BODY PAINT AND REGULAR CUSTOMERS LIKE **PAMELA ANDERSON** AND **STEVEN TYLER.**

Funky Chapeau

It's like an Alice in Wonderland dream. Meeting Ivy Supersonic in her hat studio/funky crash pad is like a rendezvous with the Mad Hatter on a psychedelic acid trip. The wiry 35-year-old hat designer exists on cigarettes, potato sticks and endless grandé black coffees from the Starbucks in her building. The walls in her small studio are splattered with bold colorful flowers, odd shapes and squiggles, compliments of an artist friend who also creates her one-of-a-kind hat boxes. This is her "nerve center," where she creates at odd hours – night or day – the delicious feathery statement-making hats that have folks like Dennis Rodman, Steven Tyler, Snoop Dogg and Pamela Anderson begging for more.

"I couldn't believe how much Pamela Anderson loved her hat," she says, flicking an ash. "I don't think she ever took the thing off." She giggles in a raspy tone. Ivy Supersonic gets off on attention. The kind of attention you get when you decide the only way to showcase your hats are on models wearing only a thin coat of body paint. Or wrangling a little press when you sit on a celebrity's lap without underwear. She calls her own particular brand of creative personality "stream of consciousness" and she maintains

The mad hatter and her minions: Ivy Supersonic (right) at home in New York City and surrounded by her many hats and near-naked friends.

she never has a plan in her head when it comes to designing hats. "It's hard to explain what actually happens, but the hats just sort of evolve into art as I create them," she says. "I'm not rigid, they just sort of flow."

Through her hats, Supersonic has created a brand and an identity. There is her own cartoon character, which mimics her personal style of six-inch platform heels and pigtail braids. "People try to copy me all the time, which is I guess the best form of flattery, but it can get really annoying," she admits. Take, for instance, a recent lawsuit she filed against Fox and Blue Sky animation. She claims they stole a character she created and pitched as a cartoon called the "sqrat," which embodies both a squirrel and a rat, and can allegedly be seen in Fox's *Ice Age*. "It's frustrating but I'm not in a position to just let these things go anymore," she says. "There is a price for my creativity."

And she's no stranger to politics. She actually ran for mayor in New York City last time around and she sent a hat to Hillary Rodham Clinton in a show of support. "I don't know if she ever actually wore it, but she sent me an awfully nice thank you note," she says, taking another sip of coffee and turning on her platforms to head out, amid a flurry of pink and white feathers. *Kimberly Stevens*

makeup **gale goodman** film processing **photo on four, nyc** location **café deville, nyc**

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jeans by **henry duarte,**
black vest w/silver studs from **squaresville,**
t-shirt by **hysteric glamour,**
shoes and warm up pants by **adidas,**
striped dress from **squaresville,**
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stylist **kathy watson @ margaret maldonado agency** makeup **melissa rogers @ artists by timothy priano/poole cosmetics** hair **alex dizon @ artists by timothy priano** model **cat @ warning models**

RAINBOW ROOM:
lemmy kilmister from **mötorhead:** wearing his own clothes, judaz priest bottoms by **grey ant,** fringe vest by **tripp,** all others models' own

HOUSE OF BLUES:

spandex pants **vintage frederick's of hollywood,**
pink floral shirt from **retro,**
vintage blue velvet shirt from **golyester,**
rust pants by **earl,** all shoes by **sky**

WHISKY A GO GO:
feather & leather halter by **squaresville,**
pants by **henry duarte,** belt from **wasteland**

special thanks:
dragan milovanovic @ bar marmont,
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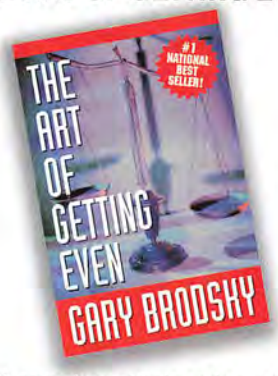

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photo **steve appleford** clothes **molly r. stern @ m.r.s**

Melissa Auf Der Maur finds her inner Ozzy at the Viper Room.
Page 80

WEEZER GIVES GOOD SHREAD

***Still battling self-loathing and the bass-player problem, geek rock deity* Rivers Cuomo *finds his way to the hard-rocking* Maladroit.**

The members of Weezer sit in a chill-out room at Hollywood's Sunset Sound recording studio, staring deeply into nowhere, softly shaking their heads in that I'm-focused-really-hard-on-the-music sort of way. Singer/songwriter Rivers Cuomo plays deejay, the bearded, down jacket-wearing 'puter jock hunched over a titanium laptop like a jr. Unabomber. Now blaring: vintage Rush.

The outside world does not exist. For this moment, at least, the band's lives revolve solely around an Alex Lifeson guitar solo. "Listen to that shred," Cuomo says, mesmerized.

"You could plant corn with that shred," chimes drummer Pat Wilson, who, by the way, behaves the way a drummer is supposed to behave – as smart-assed comic relief, a geek with attitude. But he speaks the truth underneath his veneer of sneer.

grooming kiki benet

writer ERIK HIMMELSBACH photographer KIINO VILLAND

This isn't irony. This is prayer – a roomful of fans in a makeshift house of worship. Perhaps deep inside their pointy little heads, Weezer imagines themselves as Rush – a well-lubed music-making machine that rocks the socks off of each and every town with majesty, pomp and a modicum of intelligence, leaving only echoes of shred and clouds of dust in their wake.

Well, it was a beautiful thought while it lasted. "I've got to take some more advanced calculus to figure out this song," notes Scott Shriner, the band's new bassist, breaking the spell, as *A Farewell to Kings* blasts the room.

Besides, as Wilson explains, marquee pretensions don't fly in Weezerville. "I think rock stars tend to leave this band," he sarcastically notes, bringing nods and chuckles all around. No further explanation is necessary: Original bassist Matt Sharp left the band in 1998 to pursue his rock star dreams with the Rentals. (Remember them?) And Sharp's replacement, Mikey Welsh, recently pulled a Syd Barrett, flipping out and going MIA last summer, eventually surfacing in a Boston psychiatric hospital. He remains in New England.

Leader of the pack: Rivers Cuomo (front) takes control – with (left to right) Scott Shriner, Pat Wilson and Brian Bell.

Welsh's departure remains something of an open wound. Cuomo, usually indifferent when answering questions, turns downright terse. "We can't comment on that," he responds, not bothering to look up from his laptop.

> "I FEEL LIKE NOBODY HAS ANY IDEA WHAT I'M ACTUALLY LIKE. THE PRESS HAS DUBBED ME CRAZY OR CRACKED OR WEIRD. I THINK I'M EXTREMELY NORMAL AND BLAND."

With his hard-rock pedigree, Shriner seems a round peg in Weezer's square hole, the kind of guy you'd find at two in the afternoon playing Ritchie Blackmore solos on a Flying V at Guitar Center. "I heard [Shriner] was covered in tattoos and had a gold tooth, and I thought, 'That's perfect,'" Cuomo recalls. "He played with us once and I immediately knew he was the right guy."

★

Weezer led a charmed existence for exactly one album. On the strength of shimmering outsider pop hits such as "Buddy Holly" (and its memorable Spike Jonez-directed video) and "Undone (The Sweater Song)," from their 1994 Ric Ocasek-produced debut (*Weezer*, a.k.a. the "Blue" album), they became known as purveyors of "geek rock," a shiny antidote to grunge grimness.

Then, alas, came *Pinkerton*. The initial response was tepid (it was Rolling Stone's Worst Album of 1996). With jagged musical edges and a lyrical content that revealed its author's innermost sexual peccadilloes, it's not an easy listen. And Cuomo has been backtracking from it ever since. "That is the most personal album of all time," he says. "I think I probably knew the whole time I was doing it [that] I shouldn't be doing it."

With his confidence shaken, Cuomo retreated to his studies at Harvard, got braces, had one of his legs shortened, and pondered the pros and cons of life as a pop star. With the band in limbo, Cuomo became the subject of rumors, many of the Brian-Wilson-in-the-sandbox variety: drugs, isolation, bizarre behavior. "I feel like nobody has any idea what I'm actually like, judging by the articles I've read," he says. "The press has dubbed me crazy or cracked or weird. I think I'm extremely normal and bland."

There were half-hearted attempts to record in the latter '90s, but little came of it. "I had to go on a journey," Cuomo says of that period. "I just wasn't ready." Intraband relationships had become so strained that by early 2000, they were communicating solely through management.

An offer to tour Japan in Spring 2000 brought them back together. The frenzied response caught the band off guard, so they joined that summer's Warped Tour. "We were kind of already trying to make it roll at that point," Cuomo says. "But when we heard that offer, it gave us such a positive boost."

The band's now been on the road and/or recording for two straight years, an unparalleled stretch of stability. Strengthened by the steady work, the once-fragile group dynamic is solid enough that Welsh's disappearance was just a pothole in life's world tour.

Their well-oiled vibe is apparent on *Maladroit*, which comes a mere year after the comeback "Green" album. Their most organic recording, it screams with assured, arena rockin' energy. "It's less of an event now," Cuomo says of recording. "We just go in and play our songs and leave."

Though Cuomo describes *Maladroit* as unproduced, the fans – the loyal, long-suffering, but brutally honest Weezer Army – had a major hand in shaping the album. "During the day we record and at night we put up the day's work [on the Weezer.com website] and they would shred it," he says. (The files were taken down in late February by decree of the band's label, Interscope, whose current relationship with the band is icy. Weezer released a nine-track advance of *Maladroit* to the press without Interscope's knowledge, according to Cuomo, now doubling as the band's manager). Cuomo himself regularly corresponded with the faithful via email to discuss arrangements, vocal nuances, guitar solos, and the like.

The correspondence is telling. More than anything since *Pinkerton*, it seems to provide a window into the psyche of the

fragile artist. Cuomo's a platinum-selling rock songwriter with four albums under his belt, yet plainly is still full of gut-wrenching uncertainty and doubt. He tells one fan:

Dear Mr. xxx,

The irony is that what I really want to do, if left to my own devices, is write songs without those ultimate climax points. The only reason I bring up Nirvana and the Beatles is because they managed to do this. It's not that I want to copy THEIR formula, it's that I want to invent my own. Clearly, I have not achieved this yet. Sometimes I'm tempted to give up, but I want it so badly that I can't.

I count on people like you to slap me back into reality if I'm just chasing a dream. *Sincerely,*

Rivers Cuomo

It sounds as if the fans pushed all the right buttons. The band mostly jettisons its rigid, stop-on-a-dime pop in favor of a loose, live-in-the-studio approach. The guitars interact in strange and unusual ways, and the songs have a warm elasticity: Highlights include the heavy duty "Take Control," punctuated by an Eddie VH-ish solo; "Fall Together," with its finger-lickin' ZZ Top-by-way-of-the-Meat Puppets boogie; and "Dope Nose," a rousing anthem you will hear on the radio all summer long.

★

Rush stops playing, and Pat Wilson has an idea. "Phil Collins – now there was a guy. Fuckin' Phil rips," he says. The sincerity of the comment is irrelevant. "I'm here to say that Phil doesn't get enough props. He makes me want to get a headset and microphone and join these guys in harmonies."

A pause is followed by mental lightbulbs turning on. "Do you know how stoked people would be? People would lose their minds," Cuomo excitedly reacts. Back to work: Cuomo hunkers down at the laptop and the MP3 search begins. *Abacab* anyone? ★

PARIS: BATOFAR

The steamy Moulin Rouge may be gone, but this nightclub still has plenty of sexy French babes ready to drop anchor and dance.

French hotties, champagne, and Paris at night... your fantasy is 3D reality at Batofar, a party boat that's way off the tourist map.

Batofar was originally a lighthouse ship abandoned off the coast of Ireland until a collective of electronica DJs decked her out. Now the boat is painted prow to stern in kiss-my-ass red, with crazy strobe lights flashing in violet, blue, red and yellow. Ignore the motorcycles sprawled on the quay and their leather-clad owners. They're nice guys. It might even be techno synergist Laurent Garnier on a friendly off-night with Madonna. Since Batofar is run (more or less chaotically) by a band of artists, they're hooked up with people like Mr. Scruff, Ninja Tune, Autechre and Antipop Consortium, all of whom have dropped by to rock the boat in recent months.

The main dance floor below decks is a weapon of mass seduction, dominated by huge video screens, flooded with ambient light and shadow and *la musique*. That said, there's a hell of a lot more going on away from the dance floor, lots of private spots where you can cozy up with a beautiful Parisienne, bars above and below deck, and two chill-out lounges full of vid-art, underground photography clips and manga mayhem. Which gives you something to talk about after you've disengaged the killer lip-lock from the French twin models who want to improve their English.

Even given the unfair quotient of beautiful people on board for the ride, the stiletto brigade has yet to storm this particular Bastille; since you're partying on a boat, most come dressed-down for the occasion. Those on a quest for Pamela clones will have better luck with Mattel – the Gaullic lasses at Batofar are more Lara Croft than Barbie, with attitude to match.

Tanya Helenius

Batofar, Port de le Gare, 11, Quai François Mauriac, (33) 01-56-29-10-00.

photo steve appleford

She stands there with utter conviction and no shame at all, shaking her hips in a white form-fitting outfit, fringe wings draping from her arms. Melissa Auf Der Maur is filling in for Ozzy Osbourne, the bug-eyed prince of darkness, the Oz-man, that master of metal and mayhem. Which is a tough gig for a tough crowd, especially if you're the slim, rust-haired former bassist for Hole and Smashing Pumpkins. Especially if you're a girl.

So this is a confusing sight and a strange career move, an alt-rock heroine with many Internet shrines still devoted to her every move somehow choosing to sing "Paranoid" and "Iron Man" as the leader of a Black Sabbath tribute band. But she looks right at home, fully embracing this metal moment at the Viper Room on the Sunset Strip, declaring from stage, "When is it *not* metal night on the Strip?"

Gathered behind her is Hand of Doom, like Auf Der Maur dressed in matching white uniforms and doing their best to re-create Sabbath's ear-cracking metal chestnuts. Some of the Oz hardcore might be distressed, but the sound tonight is authentic, despite the presence of a DJ in the band, adding subtle layers of eerie effects amid the riffs and sludge. The voice is higher, but still dark, all doom and despair. And right up front is a burly, bearded man with a red bandana over his head, flashing the devil's horns.

Auf Der Maur discovered metal late, finally delivering her to the music of Sabbath and the later metal visionaries of the now-defunct Kyuss. "There is nothing better than playing metal live," Auf Der Maur explains before the show. "The moments in the Pumpkins when it was the hard, hard, hard riff songs, that was the best. There's nothing more of a rush than that. Sabbath and Kyuss are the closest thing to sex in music."

The singer even met Ozzy a few years ago, when his wife Sharon Osbourne briefly managed the Pumpkins. As the band's new bassist, Auf Der Maur was invited to the Oz home for breakfast. "I had Ozzy pouring me tea and offering me crumpets," she remembers. "It was really sweet."

At the New York City debut of Hand of Doom a week ago, Auf Der Maur broadened the repertoire by inviting Pumpkins guitarist James Iha to sing a few songs by '80s Sabbath frontman Ronnie James Dio. Tonight all the guests are in the crowd: Eric Erlandson from Hole, model Rachel Hunter and Cult drummer Matt Sorum. In a few days, Auf Der Maur would be fronting another new band, the indie-leaning all-girl quartet Chelsea, playing music more representative of the solo album she has been recording since the fall.

The Sabbath tribute band will likely not record much beyond a planned 7-inch single of raw room recordings. For Auf Der Maur, Hand of Doom is more about immediate satisfaction on an epic scale. But now she's thinking of maybe taking it farther, teaming up with another metal cover band for a kind of Auf-fest club tour. "I hear there is a cool group of girls in San Francisco doing an AC/DC cover band called Hell's Bells," she says happily. "How perfect that would be." *Steve Appleford*

David Holmes's **Hideaway**

The princes of darkness won't work just anywhere. Even Ozzy Osbourne and Aerosmith have needs. As do Slash and Burt Bacharach. So down in the basement garage of the Sunset Marquis Hotel in Los Angeles, the innkeepers have created a room specially designed for their most private musical moments, a state-of-the-art facility cleverly named The Studio. Assorted rock 'n' rollers, classical composers and new-jack hotshots do their thing here between trips back upstairs into the light and the hotel's swanky French Riviera-like setting. Swimming pools, movie stars. After scoring *Out of Sight* at The Studio, Belfast-based producer/composer/DJ David Holmes returned for the equally cool grooves of *Ocean's 11*. And for good reason. Aside from the high-end scoring rig, Holmes utilized the scene's full potential, putting his musicians up in nearby rooms, well within reach of the hotel watering holes, for many days and nights of debauchery and inspiration. Frank Sinatra never had it this good. www.thestudioweb.com

Kiino Villand

Photo Kiino Villand

SHOUT LIKE **THE DEVIL**

Melissa Auf Der Maur channels Ozzy in a Black Sabbath Tribute band.

"SABBATH AND KYUSS ARE THE CLOSEST THING TO SEX IN MUSIC."

a little bit country, a whole lotta rock 'n' roll

DEANA CARTER IS A PLATINUM-SELLING BOMBSHELL WHO IGNORES ALL OF NASHVILLE'S RULES. **JAMES MICHAEL** IS A TATTOOED ROCKER AND STUDIO WIZ WHO WRITES AND RECORDS WITH SOME OF ROCK'S LEGENDS. AND WITH NEW ALBUMS DUE THIS SUMMER, BOTH HAVE SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT.

James Michael So Deana, are you concerned that the Nashville music industry will have a problem with you coming to L.A. and becoming too "Hollywood?"
Deana Carter Not at all. I've always kind of pushed the envelope. You're new to L.A. too, right?
Michael Yeah, some of the strangest and most life changing things have happened to me since I moved here.
Carter You played me a couple of songs in the car the other day that were awesome from your new record. What's the story behind the title *Los Angeloser*?
Michael I know it sounds tongue-in-cheek but *Los Angeloser* has a much more painful meaning. This has been the most difficult year of my life personally. You know how it is, with both our marriages splitting up.
Carter Yeah I know. I regret some decisions that I've made in my personal life but now I'm trying not to apologize for it. So are you saying that you're the *Los Angeloser*?
Michael This record is largely about loss. And it seems like everything hap-

Touch me, hear me: James Michael and Deana Carter get acquainted.

left: photo craig decristo @ blur photo stylist jose angel castro makeup litha vasquez @ fred segal beauty hair noah hatton @ fred segal beauty / kerastase location miauhaus, la on james: shirt UC-Uomo cords levi's on deanna: top and pants josé angel/destiny collection belt fiocchi amber ring clo-cielo right: jacket volcom

pened right when I moved to L.A.

Carter Do you have bitter feelings about L.A. because of that?

Michael No, not at all. L.A. is a great place to lose your soul and die. [*Laughs.*] Actually it's a very special place. It's given us both a lot of opportunities. Let's see... [*Feigns looking at a list of questions.*] What's this? Any sex scenes with Bob Saget in your future?

Carter NO! [*Laughs.*] I didn't have a sex scene with Bob because he plays my brother...[on the TV show *Raising Dad*]. I also did a movie this past year called *Badge* with Billy Bob Thornton... my buddy. I met him when we both were living at the Sunset Marquee. I had the most interesting summer that year. I was in one villa, Robbie Williams was in another, Billy Bob was in another, Aerosmith was there, Metallica... all these killer people would come and hang out.

Michael Do you get star struck?

Carter No. Although I got really nervous when I met George Clooney. I didn't really pay that much attention to him before, but he was so nice that... well, now I'm stalking him!

Michael If you could pick any actor that you'd like to act with, who would it be? [*Carter flips through a magazine looking at the guys.*]

Michael You're flipping through that thing like it's a catalogue and you're gonna place an order!

Carter I know, I would love to do a sex scene with Tom Cruise... [*Grins wickedly.*] So besides me, who else have you been writing and recording for?

Michael I just I wrote a few songs for Meat Loaf's upcoming record. I'm such a huge fan of his entire career. I also just finished mixing songs for Blondie's new record. Debbie [Harry] is so cool.

Carter And haven't you been writing with Nikki Sixx from Mötley Crüe?

Michael Nikki's one of my closest friends. We write together all the time. In fact, a couple of the songs on Meat Loaf's record I co-wrote with Nikki and he's going to be playing some bass on my new record.

Carter Your record is going to be released under the band name Heidi Crisis, right? How did you come up with that?

Michael Nowadays there are so many zillions of bands out there that it's hard to find anything that hasn't been used! It's kinda like there were only three names left so I picked one! [*Laughs.*] No, honestly, my life and my music are so riddled with 'crisis' ...identity ...sexual ...life...you name it. Something about it just had a ring.

Carter Back to songwriting, when I'm writing I'll start to write a song that I love by myself and automatically I feel like [the label] is not going to like it. Or that they're going to like it more if so-and-so's name is on it... like yours. What's your secret?

Michael I guess I've learned that if you're honest in your art, it can't be bad art. Art isn't about doing what you say, or saying what you feel, it's feeling what you do. ★

NO ORDINARY MIXTRESS

DJ Mea gets down in the groove

Female DJs are rare. Not the ones you hear on rock radio, talking up Led Zeppelin or the Offspring, but that slamming, turntable-manipulating breed who mix house, tech, drum'n'bass and trance in the dark corners of the world's most daring underground clubs. A few have emerged in London (DJ Heaven and DJ Rap) and Florida (Sandra Collins). And from Chicago came DJ Mea.

The blonde-haired DJ, who not only spins at clubs but produces and even sings over her tracks, now lives in a glass house high in the Hollywood Hills. But Mea somehow remains a nice Catholic girl from Kansas who still counts her blessings before every meal. "I have a hard time talking about things inside so I express my emotions through my music," she confesses. "That's why I think I go on the darker side when I play and sing."

Born Mea Fisher, the DJ also plays violin, piano, guitar and drums. She was first inspired to spin records while living with a DJ boyfriend in Kansas. That relationship ended, and she found solace in the rave community, leading her to Chicago and the flash dance club Crobar. Since working there, Mea has released the live albums *Welcome to My House* and *Lunar Birth*, and toured extensively.

She is no ordinary mixtress. And she admits her babe-like beauty has affected her career in male-dominated DJ culture. "When starting out? Absolutely!" she says. "Everyone is leery. The first thing they say when they see you is, 'Oh, but can she spin?'" She ultimately proved herself on the decks, established a following, and turned her gender into a benefit on a scene overcrowded with male DJs.

Other men aren't even on the radar. "I don't approach guys at all. In Los Angeles, there are so many beautiful women, how can you trust a man? They're all players," Mea says. "I'm looking for that one guy I can connect with in my head and in my heart – not just someone who spends a lot of money. I want that guy who will be there as the world falls down, just like the David Bowie song."

Kim Taylor

PAPA ROACH LOVEHATETRAGEDY • DreamWorks

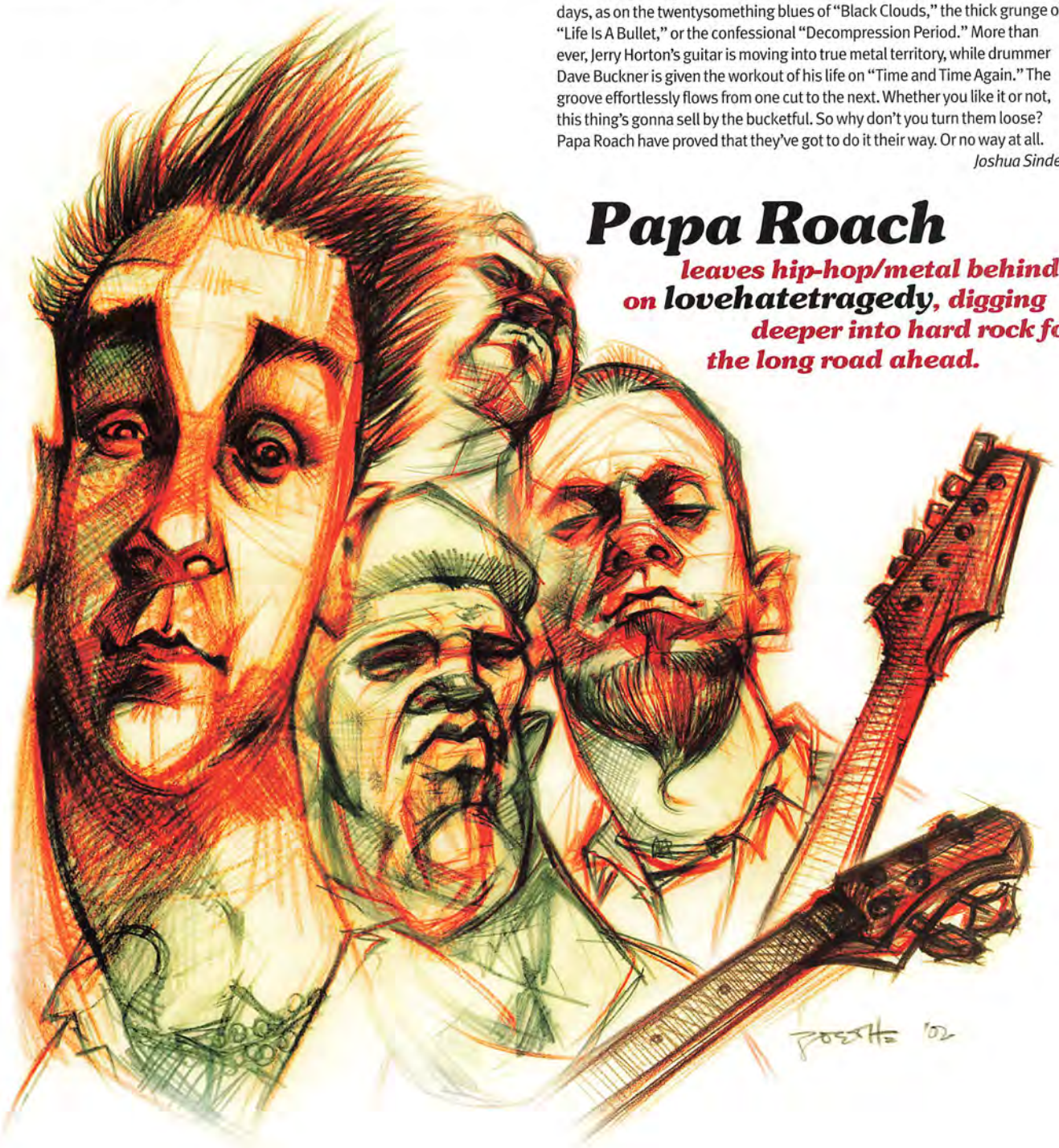
The Artist Formerly Known As Coby Dick now requests that he be addressed by his given name, Jakoby Shaddix. Maybe the change of heart's just because he recently became a father – "Dad, what did you mean when you said, 'Mr. Dick if you're nasty'?"

Whatever. The only thing that matters is that Shaddix and Papa Roach's new album, *lovehatetragedy*, is a winner. It forsakes the trudging hip-hop/metal crossover that characterized 90% of *Infest*'s thud-and-blunder, and reveals a band with heretofore unseen confidence. Forever distancing themselves from the "Korn Jr." category, P-Roach are obviously working towards career longevity by adopting more of a traditional hard-rock attack. Here, with the aid of Stone Temple Pilots producer Brendan O'Brien, they replace the tinny sound of *Infest* with a hugely organic guitar phantasmagoria, a classic-rock FM backdrop for Coby, er, Jakoby to make his stadium-sized poses to. "Yeah, baby, c'mon!" yelps the vocalist on the opening "Explosive Energy Movement," in a display of red-sports-car, pedal-to-the-floor burst of male exuberance. It's a total Loverboy moment on an album that's full of them.

After years of trying, Shaddix has finally found his correct vocal register, and the results are eyebrow-raising; you can scarcely believe it's the same guy who once barked out "Cut my life into pieces" like a deranged sea lion. Although Shaddix is indeed singing more, he hasn't completely abandoned the rap style of *Infest*. And without retracing "Broken Home" territory again and again, the singer is still dealing with everyday traumas – fighting with the wife/girlfriend, depression, alcoholism, untrustworthy authority figures – but he sounds more confident than ever. "I don't need your hand-out," he snarls on the killer-groove standout, "Born With Nothing, Die With Everything," before adding, "I'm searching for the truth inside myself."

Not everywhere is Shaddix on such solid footing. "S.I.D." is a wobbly cyberpunk tale, inspired by his buddy in the band Slipknot, and the album's title track utterly fails by its addressing the September 11th tragedy in the most maudlin of terms: "Stars and stripes/boys and girls...sad that it took a war to bring us together." It's best that he stick to singing about his own dark days, as on the twentysomething blues of "Black Clouds," the thick grunge of "Life Is A Bullet," or the confessional "Decompression Period." More than ever, Jerry Horton's guitar is moving into true metal territory, while drummer Dave Buckner is given the workout of his life on "Time and Time Again." The groove effortlessly flows from one cut to the next. Whether you like it or not, this thing's gonna sell by the bucketful. So why don't you turn them loose? Papa Roach have proved that they've got to do it their way. Or no way at all.

Joshua Sindell



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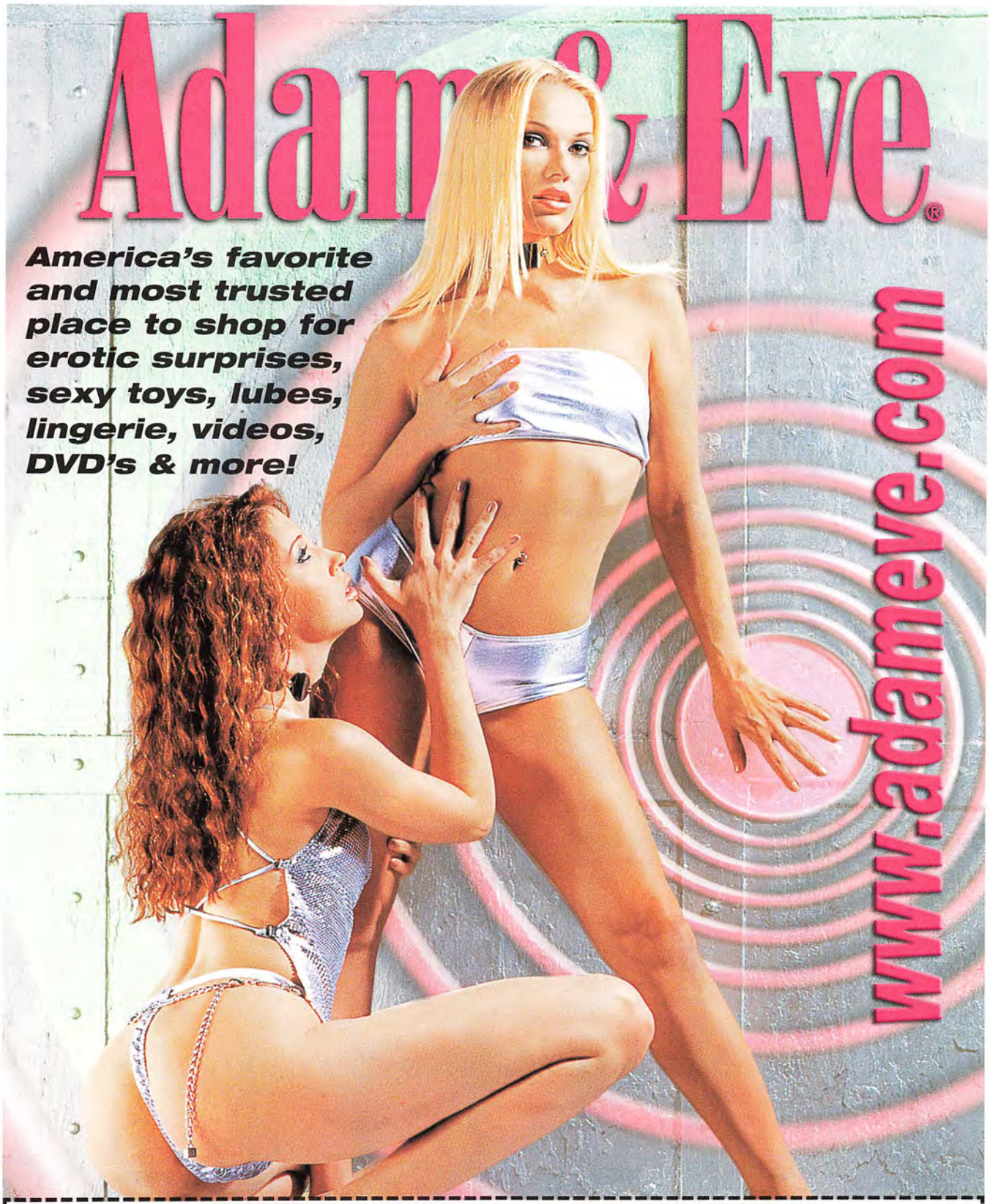
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GOMEZ IN OUR GUN • Virgin
Gomez are the musical equivalent of attention deficit disorder, which is actually a very good thing. Unlike many of their British pop contemporaries, who tend to mine a specific sound and bleed it to tedious death (e.g. Oasis, the Verve), the quintet from Southport is either unwilling or unable to fixate on a singular approach. Instead, wires are crossed, genres and influences are pureed, resulting in a patchwork that sounds both tossed off and ambitious, as if Radiohead mated with the Grateful Dead. Gomez's hippy-trippy science experiment continues on their third album, with increased cohesion. Steeped in the grit of the blues, the band leaves no spaces unfilled – be it with hip hop flourishes, tweaky beats or jammy, ragged groovadelica. Among its trio of vocalists, Ben Ottewell's rock-star growl is the most distinctive. He wails on "Even Song," as loopy textures pulse underneath the basic blues and a smoky sax provides noirish texture. By contrast, "The Sound of Sounds" is all rustic charm, and pristine harmonies, a breather from the album's cut and paste aesthetic. Quite simply, Gomez are a band without a plan, other than to follow the groove and hope that a song will follow.
Erik Himmelsbach

THE BREEDERS TITLE TK • Elektra
Eight years after making a big splash with Last Splash, *Kim and Kelley seal the Deal with Album Number Three – or Four, actually, since* Title TK *sounds less like the Breeders and more like Kim's other band, the Amps, whose "Full on Idle" resurfaces here sounding more like a raw nerve than mere redo. Actually, this new record – recording began in Austin in 1999 and finished in Chicago last year, with Steve Albini "producing" these direct-to-analog sessions and Fear playing bang-up back-up – sounds like Kim's other other band, back when she popped without actually making recognizably "pop" music (it had a beat, but only Elaine Benes could have danced to it). There's no "Cannonball," blessedly, meaning they'll stay underground this time, which helps; the Deals are better as secrets than stars, since they barely live up to their own expectations, much less ours. At its best, it's a glorious mess – all sloppy fuzz and unvarnished fury ("Son of Three," "T and T"), with coy references to rehabs and run-ins past ("Sinister Fox," "Huffer"). At its worst, it drags and drones like a collection of demos – maybe some of the songs are TK, too. And you'll swear some of the guitars are out of tune, which they probably are, which is probably the point.* *Robert Wilonsky*

OTEP SEVA STRA • Capitol
As the only female performer on last year's mega-macho Ozzfest tour, Otep Shamaya and her eponymously named band held their own against the others on the bill. On OTEP*'s debut album, the group often comes off as Slipknot with estrogen: the music is punishing and intense, with the ferocious vocalist swerving from her formidable hip-hop skillz to a very-metal roar in a heartbeat. True, most dudes might find a lot of her scorned-chick hostility conducive to shrinkage: It's easy to appreciate her vitriol, but trust us, you wouldn't want to play a track called "Menocide" during the ride home on a first date. But* Sevas Tra *(read it backwards) also throws new shapes into nu-metal. In addition to the expected blood and sweat, Otep sheds emotional tears on a couple of tracks, bucking the genre's trend towards one-dimensional spleen-venting. Whether crying out in pain over a deceased brother or spewing free verse Jim Morrison-style, Otep proves her versatility through her willingness to show vulnerability. Producer Terry Date (Pantera, Limp Bizkit) keeps the sonics brutal and rough, and for most metal-heads, that'll be all they'll require. For those who enjoy the challenge of having their consciousness raised – inside the mosh pit, no less! – Sevas Tra also offers genuinely rewarding enlightenment.* *Joshua Sindell*

JERRY CANTRELL DEGRADATION TRIP • Roadrunner
In its heyday, Alice in Chains was an fine alt-metal act cursed with a frontman (the late Layne Staley) who crumbled under the weight of his own demons. From the time the band released its 1992 breakout album, Dirt, *until it disappeared in the late '90s, the Seattle group was a turbulent act, and not just because of Staley's tortured lyrics. Guitarist Jerry Cantrell took a heavy hand in writing and arranging the band's mater-ial, a skill he's since used for his own albums, starting with 1998's* Boggy Depot. *Four years later, Cantrell returns with this second solo release. Packed tight with sludgy, floorboard-busting riffs and slow guitar squalls,* Degradation Trip *marches through dirgy material, keeping the dark melodies intact. Cantrell also shows off an impressive set of pipes, whether he's going for the haunting, slow burn choruses of "Give It a Name" or snarling his way through the harder tracks. You might hear this music and wish Cantrell could once again lose control with one of Staley's signature primal screams, but* Degradation *is still worthy of worship for anyone who ever kneeled before the Alice in Chains altar.* *Jennifer Maerz*

MOBY 18 • V2
Call it Replay, *if you must, or perhaps* Pause: *Richard Melville Hall follows 1999's megaplatinum and ubiquitous* Play *with more of the same, only less, which isn't a bad thing even if it is, sort of, the same old new thing. It plays like a glorious career comp, actually, recalling his piano-and-synth-strings ambient weakness, his Mission to Burma fondness as well as his Alan Lomax fetish (no Bessie Jones this time, just one-time Atlantic star and all-time good woman Barbara Lynn) while replacing CD-single Gwen with cutout-bin Sinead and bodyrocker Spoonie G with MC Lyte, who accompanies Angie Stone on a tentative "Jam for the Ladies." The entirety of the disc is about as fragile as porcelain or, yeah, "Porcelain": It's as much about mood (OK, all about mood) as melody, and if it skimps on the sweat this go-round, it isn't short on tears (maybe they oughta call him Mopey). On the surface, at least, it appears to be a disc about love's empty promises: He doesn't want to "Sleep Alone" (just put on this record and try to do otherwise), she (in this case, Screaming Headless Torsos' Freedom Bremner) offers faint consolation, moaning that, well, "At Least We Tried." Suggested advertising possibilities: Kleenex, Breathe Right strips and Wellbutrin.* *Robert Wilonsky*

photo **steve appleford**

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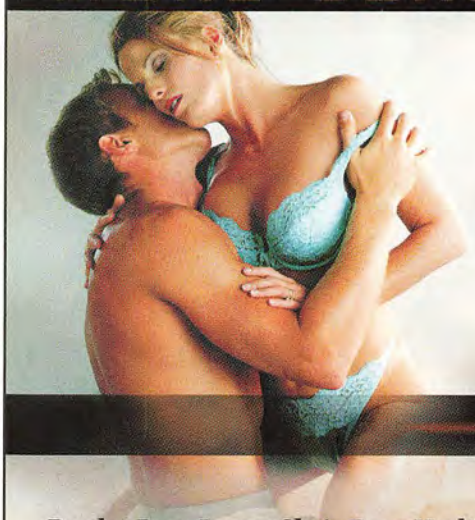

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FOX ON THE RUN

Breaking the rules with Sports Illustrated swimsuit model and actress Josie Maran. Or, advice on squirting cows milk, hugging pigs and having sex twice a day.

When Maybelline signed Josie Maran to a spokesmodel contract in 1999, the makeup manufacturer thought it was getting the same doe-eyed ingenue who had graced the covers of Seventeen, Shape and Glamour, and appeared in ads for Levis and Guess? Jeans. But there's more to the stunning Maran than meets the eye. Amid carefully packaged mannequins, the 23-year-old Northern California native is disarmingly candid. One minute she's talking about sending a vibrator to her mother (it was a gift), then she's discussing her need to have sex at least twice a day.

Two years ago, Maran appeared on *The Howard Stern Show* with then-boyfriend David Blaine and talked about performing some magic tricks of her own, including bringing other girls into their bedroom. Said a hot and bothered Howard afterward: "She's the perfect girl."

right: black skull cami by serious

Naturally, to a growing legion of drooling fans, Maran's irreverent candor makes her all the more alluring. There have been times, however, when her uncorked, fizzy id has landed her in hot water. She recently raised eyebrows – and a few other body parts – by appearing in a racy ad campaign for the Benetton-owned Sisley clothing brand. The provocative photos, which show Maran having fun with farm animals, have been studied like conspiracy theorists pouring over the Zapruder film. In one of the more controversial snapshots, she's seen shooting milk on her face from a cow's udder (try to imagine the Got Milk? campaign as filmed by Seymour Butts). "I was just having fun," says Maran. "I didn't think it was a big deal at the time."

The sight of moo juice dripping from Maran's pretty chin was more than Maybelline was willing to swallow. "That campaign definitely caused some drama in my life," she says. "Maybelline would like me to keep myself contained and ladylike and they're right. They let me get away with a smack on the wrist and I respect that very much. My mother keeps telling me to think before I do or say something, and make sure it's what I really want to project. I'm definitely learning."

The tricky part is figuring out which rules to bend, make or break. "I forget that when I'm having fun, the innocence of it might not come across in pictures," she says. "Those photos didn't feel sexual when we were shooting them. When I look at the pictures now, I can see that it's a little too much, but I believe in pushing the limit a bit. In one picture, I'm hugging a pig – just because I like pigs – so of course, people said I was humping the pig, which I wasn't. It sucks that people want to distort these things. I need to figure out where to draw the line. For starters," she laughs, "No more hugging pigs."

That's easier said than done, especially with Maran making the move to Hollywood. The 5'7" model-turned-actress recently made the jump to the big screen as Mallory in *The Mallory Effect*, an indie comedy about a jilted boyfriend seeking revenge. "When I saw the finished version, I was freaked out and didn't want to watch it," she laughs. "People had to hold me down in my chair. But it's a funny movie and the laughter eased the pain. Although you can tell that it's my first film, I think I did a pretty good job. I was proud of myself."

Youthful hubris aside, Maran certainly seems to know what she's doing. Since her modeling debut at age 12, she's appeared in a Backstreet Boys video (after which Howie hit on her – unsuccessfully), a gaggle of commercials and several magazines, including the 2002 Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue. "I'm just a girl who's soul-searching and living her life," she says with a smile. "And I'm trying to do both as creatively as possible." ★

writer MICHAEL MOSES
photographer KIINO VILLAND

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Cowboys and Indians

ACTION MAESTRO JOHN WOO AND JARHEAD NICHOLAS CAGE TAKE ON THE NAVAJO NATION DURING WORLD WAR II IN WINDTALKERS. PLUS, WILL SMITH AND KARI WUHRER BATTLE BIG BUGS, WHILE AL PACINO STAYS WIDE AWAKE.

Poor Joe Enders (Nicolas Cage), a U.S. Marine haunted by the recent deaths of his entire platoon during some bloody battles with Japan. Badly injured, the stubborn WWII jarhead convinces the powers-that-be to send him back into the field and he winds up responsible for Private Ben Yahzee (Adam Beach), one of the Navajos whose language is used to create the American secret code. But the Japanese are aware of Yahzee's value (though it's not clear exactly how), and his capture would mean an end to the U.S. code. So Enders's true assignment is not to guard Yahzee, but the code itself. In other words, he's got to off the guy, should he fall into enemy hands.

Imagine how that pressure would hammer any guy's conscience, let alone an anti-social, half-deaf grunt already fighting his own demons of guilt and anger. He tries not to get too close to the Navajo soldier, fearing that he wouldn't be able to carry out the final act of his assignment, if necessary. But as the war wages around them, the men find themselves irrevocably drawn together by friendship, admiration and loyalty. A regular John Wayne, all-American, flag-waving, propaganda vehicle for democracy. Hell, it's even being released on Flag Day!

On some levels, it works: The cinematography employed by director John Woo (*MI:2*, *Face/Off*) is spectacular; the battle scenes are realistic stomach churners, replete with multiple explosions, flying limbs and gore galore; the cameraderie within the troops is inspiring, and, the lessons of unity and duty inspirational. But here's where it fails: *Windtalkers* should, by definition, be a meaningful account of the Navajo code talkers. Instead, it's *The Joe Enders Story* – a tale which is, frankly, not very interesting. The Navajos here are intriguing, but we never get to know much about them. We are shown only one scene of the Navajos learning the code. Why would they fight for the U.S.? And, more important, why would Yahzee name his son George Washington Yahzee? Instead, the filmmakers opt for literal overkill, with over an hour of battle scenes. Characters, too, are right out of central casting: The racist yahoo, the panicky ethnic, the Southern dreamer...What, no Jews or Blacks in this man's army? Dialogue scores high on the hokey-meter, as when one character says, "You never know – in another 50 years, we can be sitting down with the Nipponese, drinking sake and thinking of someone else's ass to kick." In other words, *Windtalkers* is several bullets shy of a full magazine. *Adrianne Stone*

DVD

It's safe to assume that random drug testing was not a requirement for the rock, folk and blues elite gathered at *The Last Waltz*, Martin Scorsese's classic documentary on The Band's 1976 farewell concert. "All these people represented a whole to me," says Robbie Robertson, The Band's guitarist and chief songwriter. "This is all of the stuff that you throw into the pot and make up this gumbo that you call rock 'n' roll."

The Last Waltz set a high standard for concert films that has rarely been matched since, with a parade of guest performers that included Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Van Morrison and Neil Young, all joining The Band for a grand exit. "At the end we had one of the Beatles and one of the Stones come out," Robertson remembers, "and it was the cherry on the cake."

Now reissued on DVD, *The Last Waltz* (MGM) pushed the boundaries of what could be done in a concert film, with seven huge 35mm cameras that were in a constant state of meltdown. "We were

INSOMNIA – Big city police dick Will Dormer (Al Pacino) goes to Bumfuck, Alaska to solve a teenage girl's murder and winds up accidentally offing his own partner. D-oh!!! Too bad the local psycho (Robin Williams) is onto his alibi...and the local detective (Hilary Swank) is too suspicious for her own good. How's a guy to get any shut-eye (and continue his investigation) with all this stress? Backstory: Detective Dormer suffers insomnia...yet his name is French for "to sleep." Who said irony was dead?

THE KID STAYS IN THE PICTURE – The rise and fall and rise again of mogul Robert Evans, a larger-than-life figure who was discovered poolside by actress Norma Shearer and given a role in her film. With his vibrant personality, he parlays that initial gig into a career that eventually delivers him to a top studio position, responsible for such gonzo hits as *The Godfather* and *Rosemary's Baby*. Along the way, he beds enough women to rival Wilt Chamberlain, snorts enough coke to rival Guns N' Roses and gets entangled in a real life murder mystery (*The Cotton Club*) that nearly destroys him. Backstory: The ultimate seducer, Evans once said to booty-licious actress Ali McGraw of her engagement to bad boy actor Steve McQueen, "Never plan, kid. Planning is for the poor. If anything is wrong between you and blondie between now and post time, take my number – I'm seven digits away." Ever the gambler, he got his gal. No wonder his best buddies are lotharios Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty.

MEN IN BLACK 2 – When last we left Agents Jay (Will Smith) and Kay (Tommy Lee Jones), they'd just prevented the destruction of earth by alien scum. Jay, ever the labrador retriever, remained on the scent of evil monsters, while Kay took a comfy desk job. But when Jay stumbles upon an evil plot masterminded by seductress Serleena (Lara Flynn Boyle), the two must reunite to save us from galactic ruin. Backstory: Serleena is actually a Kylothian monster disguised as a sexy lingerie model. Think about that the next time you thumb through your girlfriend's Victoria's Secret brochure.

EIGHT-LEGGED FREAKS – David Arquette and Kari Wuhrer learn that even an industrial-sized can of Raid won't rid their town of the giant spiders who've taken over after being exposed to a toxic chemical. Another arachnophobia drama? Nahhh...with "Itsy Bitsy Spider" as the main theme of the soundtrack, this dark comedy spins an obvious web of humor. Backstory: Kari Wuhrer's character's name is Sheriff Sam Parker – a nod to comic book hero Spider-Man's true namesake, Peter Parker. *Adrianne Stone*

And The Band Played On

Robbie Robertson celebrates the 25th anniversary of The Last Waltz, *director Martin Scorsese's antidote to* Spinal Tap.

doing 'Mystery Train' with Paul Butterfield and the whole light system blew up," says Robertson. The new disc's "Revisiting The Last Waltz" featurette reveals that Scorsese hadn't realized just how loud The Band's performance would be, and Robertson today shakes with laughter as he recounts how the camera crew could hardly hear the director even as he screeched at the top of his lungs.

The Band eventually reunited, resuming its touring and recording career in the '80s and '90s, but Robertson chose not to join his former bandmates. And Robertson remains a solo artist. So the film marks a fittingly epic close to an epic collaboration that helped Dylan go electric before The Band earned wide acclaim on its own.

One of the film's best moments comes when the normally grouchy Van Morrison attempts high, Rockettes-style kicks. "When you put this caliber of talent in the same place," says Robertson, "everyone raises the bar a little bit." Observe as the 67-year-old Muddy Waters rocks the very foundation of *The Last Waltz*'s concert hall, or as the dueling guitars of Clapton and Robertson erupt on camera, and when Young steps up with a phenomenal reading of "Helpless." Urban legend suggests that a mysterious white substance had to be delicately airbrushed from Young's nose in some footage. Robertson puts on his best poker face. "Ahhh, I don't know," he says, then grins. "I just thought that he had a cold that day."

Dee Mc Laughlin

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BAD (ASS) BRAINS

Talk Soup *host and metalhead* AISHA TYLER *collides comedy, candor and contradiction.*

Contradictions, a famous French philosopher who was neither tall nor sexy once said, are the fabric of our existence. And *Talk Soup* host Aisha Tyler, who is both tall and sexy, wears her contradictions g-string-tight against her towering six-foot frame.

Not that she tries all that hard. Which may be why *Talk Soup* fans all seem to have crushes on her. Not because she's tall or sexy, but because she's the cool, tomboy chick you can stay up late and goof on bad cable shows with, that impossible combination of hot-as-the-day-is-long and so cool you two could fart in front of each other.

It's her contradictions that make her such an impossible combination. She's Ivy League educated, but loves her punk (Black Flag) and metal (Scorpions). She's happily married to her college sweetheart, a hunky former quarterback named Jeff with an appropriately Nordic last name. Still, she flirts, in her not-really-flirting-way, with her audience and off-camera producers as she makes her nightly pot-shots at only-in-America dating shows and *Springer* highlights. But the biggest contradiction of all may be that Tyler – the snowboarding, metal-loving, self-professed geek – is black, which

just might make her, with her minions of mostly young, white male *Talk Soup* fans, the most unlikely crossover since Charlie Pride.

As she tells it, she's been hanging out with young white males most of her life.

Her father (a motorcycle riding butcher) raised her in San Francisco after divorcing Aisha's mother (a teacher – and you wonder why the marriage didn't work out). One of the few black kids in her school, she made friends with the skinny metal boys and punk rockers "because they were outsiders, too." She got into trouble, sneaking out and gobbling Vivarin to see her squatter boyfriend – until dad roared up on his bike and took her back home.

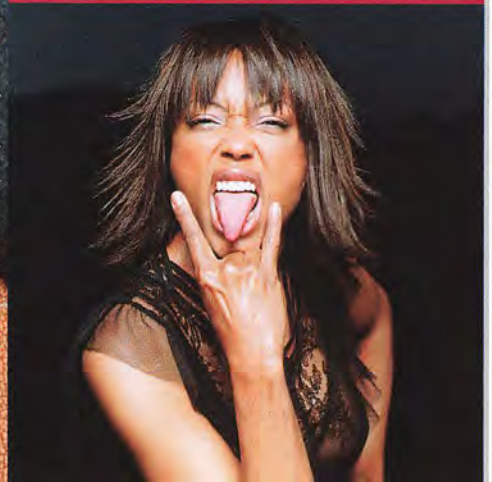
Dad scraped together the money to send her to a prestigious private school to keep her out of trouble, until she got kicked out for being late. "Being on crack and being tardy – that was the same thing as far as they were concerned," Tyler snorts. After college at Dartmouth, Tyler moved to the Bay Area, where she pulled down mad loot as an ad exec. Until she tried stand-up: "I got a few laughs. I thought, 'I'm a genius.'"

Her brainier comedy ("I'm not afraid to use a word like 'alchemy' in my act" she says proudly) didn't connect with club audiences at first. Life on the road was as humbling as it was hilarious. "I had a couple of times when I'd get a lunchtime gig at a college with no mike or stage or anything, so it's me and a bunch of kids who have no idea who I am or what I'm doing there going, 'Oh... there's a black chick yelling in the cafeteria."

She set her sights on L.A. and TV, but didn't fare much better. "So many times I would go in and the people were like, 'She's not black enough,'" she sighs. She turned the tables around when she landed *Talk Soup* two years ago, activating the powers of her Ivy League cleverness and a life spent sympathizing with white trash metalheads.

Though her role as Eddie Murphy's love interest in *Showtime* wound up on the cutting room floor, her life, contradictions and all, has built up the calluses to handle the letdowns and the Hollywood bullshit. "Love what you do enough that if nobody comes knocking, it's okay," Tyler offers. "I'm not spending my time figuring out what little black girl they [producers] want, but that's okay, because I'll be able to sleep at night." While she keeps the rest of us up.

Hobey Echlin



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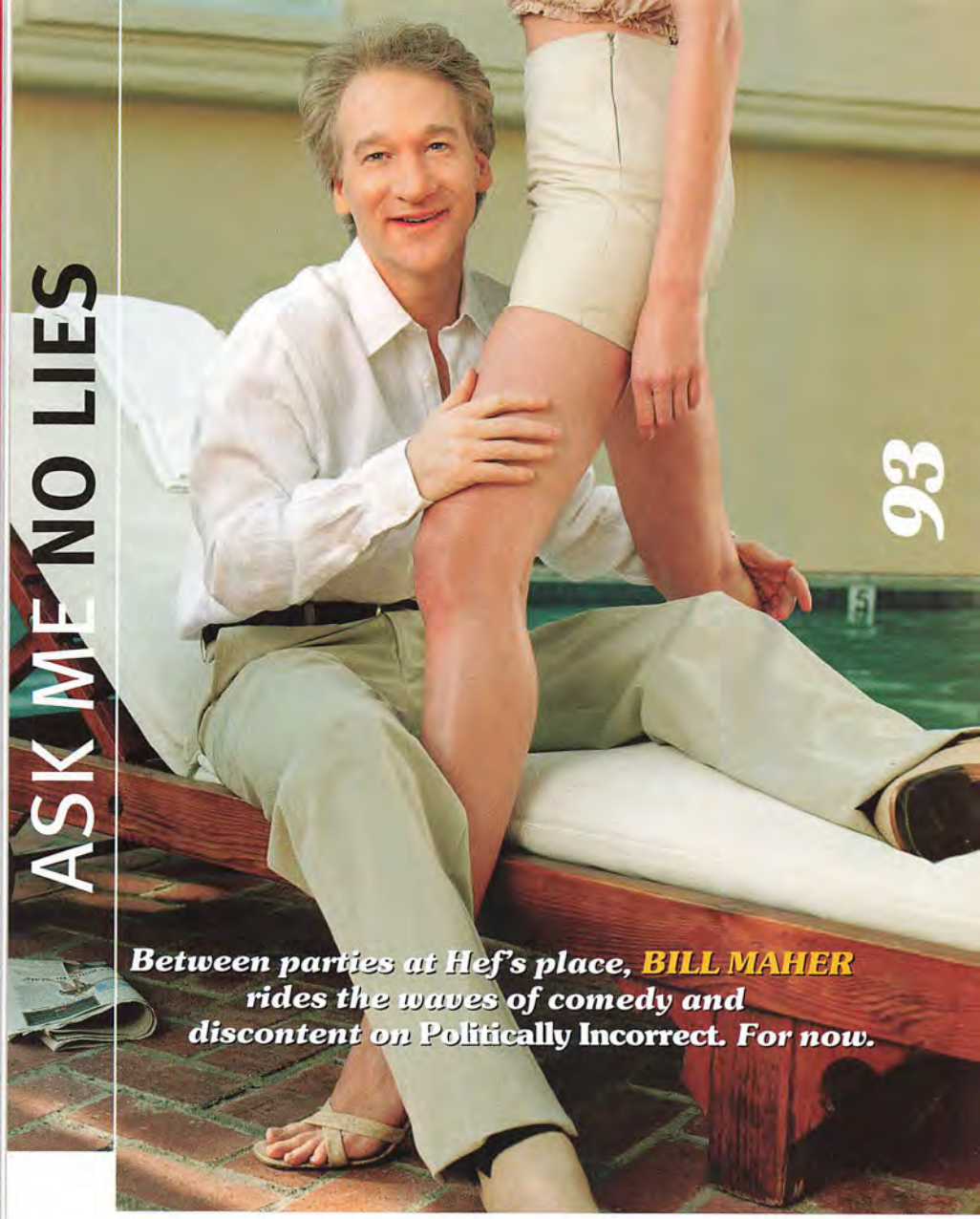


Between parties at Hef's place, BILL MAHER rides the waves of comedy and discontent on Politically Incorrect. For now.

Bill Maher is in trouble. Always. On Politically Incorrect, *the host leads a nightly session of blunt talk and bawdy wit on the pressing issues of the moment, from war to sex. Which is exactly what gets the man in deep trouble, most dramatically when he declared that the September 11 suicide terrorists were not cowardly at all, strictly speaking. This is the same man who once admitted to voting for Republican would-be president Bob Dole, latter-day Viagra pitchman. Maher is a complicated comic commentator.*

So now he is a newsmaker himself, whose favorite Christmas present last year was a framed front page of Variety with the headline: "White House Keeps Up Heat on Maher." Less amusing is his future on ABC. Long term plans for his show were left unstated and unsettled after network hopes to replace Nightline *with David Letterman evaporated. Nights without the lively talk of* Politically Incorrect *would be a no good dirty shame. There is some kind genius to seeing Jesse Jackson's expression on the show the very moment comic Tera Silverman talks of setting off metal detectors with the "piercing on my cliteral hood." It's a clip-on, she explained. That kind of TV journalism is hard to find.*

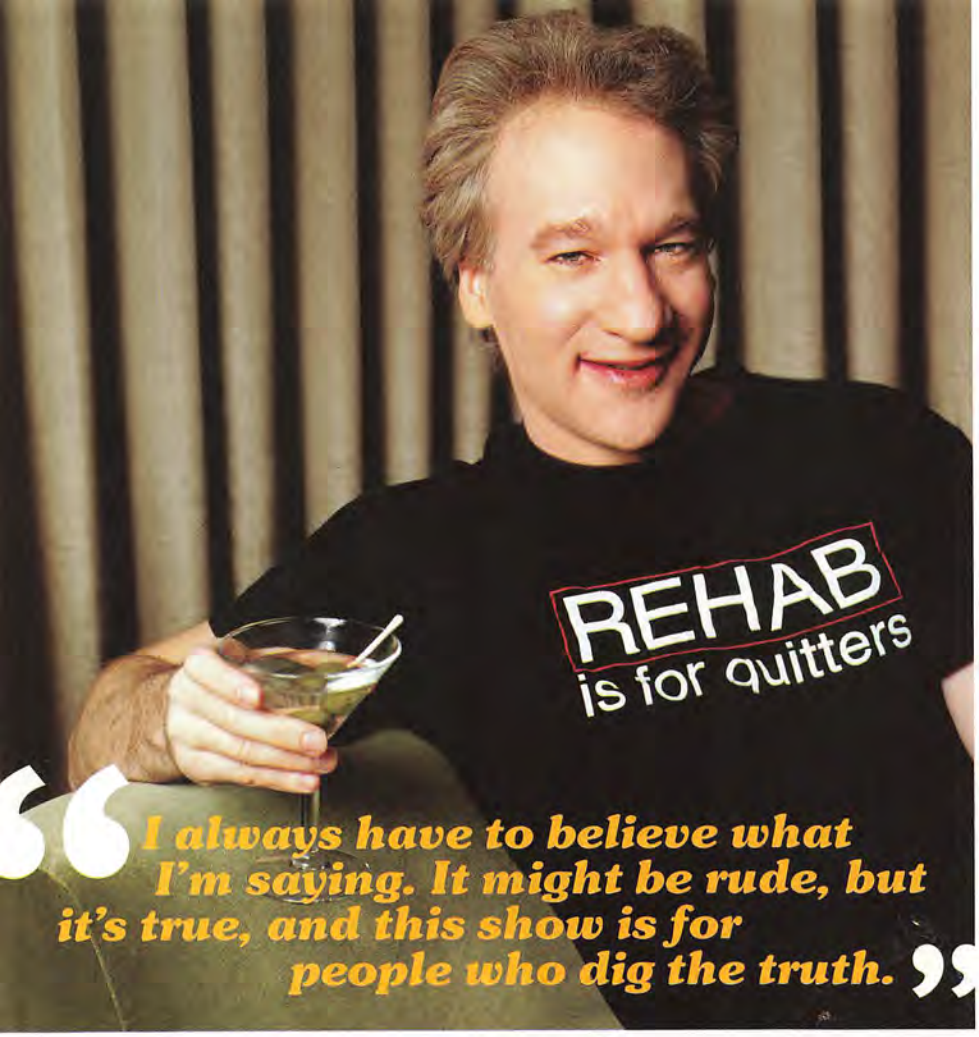
Steve Appleford

Are you tragically misunderstood?

Not anymore. When the show first went on, the press concentrated on the quirky guest matchings: *I can't believe you put Marilyn Manson with G. Gordon Liddy!* But as time went on people got used to that, and it became less of a novelty. Some thought I was always playing devil's advocate, which I would never do. I always have to believe what I'm saying. It might be rude, but it's true, and this show is for people who dig the truth. The thing I got in trouble for this past fall – the thing about how the terrorists weren't cowards – that certainly falls exactly in line with the philosophy of the show. I know it upset a lot of people, and I'm sorry that I did upset people. But it didn't upset people who are fans of the show.

Was all that pressure a nightmare?

I really achieved a greater understanding of this country in those few weeks. As a quasi-journalist or whatever I am, someone who covers the news on my show all these years, I had always been part of the white hot light, whether it was O.J. Simpson or Gary Condit or Monica Lewinsky. You just don't know what it is like to be that person in the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light. Oh my God, they're turning it on *me*. It was surreal.

It was a bit like when John Lennon joked that the Beatles were bigger than Jesus.

That also was completely twisted. Back in that era musicians didn't brag. That just wasn't part of it. And he wasn't saying the Beatles are better than Jesus. He was just shaming the world into a sense of perspective: what sort of world do we live in if the Beatles are bigger than Jesus Christ? How lost are people? But soon they were burning records...

You expressed doubt that your show was even going to continue.

I have no idea what ABC's intentions are. But definitely everybody's nerves were raw then. And I was definitely feeling unloved in the network world. But I don't think anyone in network television feels secure – maybe if you're on *Friends*. It's not the first time we got in trouble, just the biggest. The show *is* called *Politically Incorrect*. The sign does hang right over my head.

Comedy is still a big part of what you do there.

People need more than ever to laugh. They laughed at Hitler, they laughed at Tojo, and they laugh at Bin Laden. And we're even getting to the point where we can laugh again at our leaders, which is important. That's what makes us great. Our leaders are not demigods that we have to bow and scrape to.

Is it true you're totally against marriage?

No, no, no. I'm just against it for *me*. I certainly know a few people who are very happy with marriage. Marriage can work and does work – about one of out of every 10 times. Let's just get real about it. Half the marriages end in divorce, so already you're starting with that statistic. Among the people that stay together, are they all happy? Of course not. If you sit in a room with a bunch of married men, no wife would ever want to hear what is said in that room.

Did you have an experience that led you there?

I couldn't be monogamous. I couldn't look a woman in the eye and say, "You're the last person I am ever going to fuck." I tried it when I was younger. I was engaged a couple of times. It's like living in a parallel universe. You can say it, but it's not happening in your head. And at a certain point you come to resent this woman you're bored with. It's not her fault. She may be feeling the same about you.

You've said men are only as faithful as their options.

For people who live and work in big cities, there is a constant influx of new faces and new stimuli. Life wasn't like that when I was first reaching puberty. I know how hard it was to find something to jerk off with. I remember stealing my sister's fan magazines because there was a little ad in the back of the magazine for increasing your bust size. That was all I had. It wasn't like now, where kids can tune in MTV at nine in the morning and it's just Carmen Electra's ass-grinding extravaganza and constant booty shakes.

You spend some time up at the Playboy Mansion, right?

Yeah, but not like they say in the press. They make it sound like I live there. The Playboy Mansion is not what people think it is. At least it hasn't been for me. I guess people think there's orgies and crazy things going on there. And if there is, they just haven't invited me. I go because they have a few great parties a year. But they're just great parties. It's just a great place where the liquor is flowing, you feel very safe, I know a lot of people there. Yeah, there's a lot of pretty girls. It's just a great party.

It's not like going to a great party in Van Nuys, though. It's a little different.

Yeah, but I'm telling you, at least from my experience, it's not the orgy that people think it is. Or if it is, maybe I need a different kind of pass. ★

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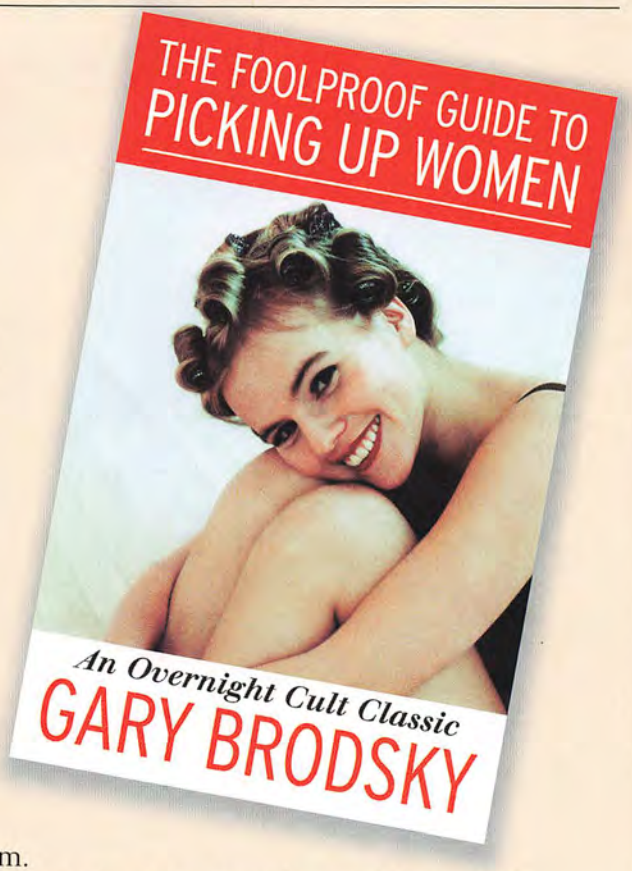

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TAPPING THE **SOURCE**

*Champion surfer **Kelly Slater** returns to the big waves in time for the release of his first video game.*

writer JOE DONNELLY photographer KIINO VILLAND

Kelly Slater is sometimes referred to as the Michael Jordan of surfing. It's easy to understand why. Both were known for their radical air-o-dynamics and both dominated their sports and the cultures surrounding them. The comparison, however, may be an overstatement.

True, Jordan's Chicago Bulls won six championships in eight years, from 1990 to 1998, after which Jordan "retired" at 34. But glory came even faster and more furiously for Slater, who won his first world championships at age 20 in 1992 and didn't stop winning until he went on hiatus, also in 1998. By then, Slater had completely revolutionized the sport and culture of surfing, all before most people come of age.

The truth is, Slater dominated surfing in a way that even Jordan couldn't dominate basketball. When Jordan left basketball, the air didn't go out of the balls. Life went on. New heroes emerged. When Slater left the pro tour, the surf definitely went flat, missing the charisma and progression he brought to competitive surfing. Young, beautiful and freakishly able to combine aggression with grace on a surfboard, Slater was the coolest guy in the coolest sport in the world when he decided to sit out a few years.

Now he's back. And his return to competition coincides with the release of *Kelly Slater's Pro Surfer* video game, brought to you by the same folks at Activision who gave millions of armchair skaters *Tony Hawk's Pro Skating*. The game enables players to virtually travel with Slater and eight other pros to the best surf spots in the world. "My real passion in life is surfing, my real love is surfing. If I can base everything I do around surfing, then that's great," says Slater. "Surfing, I've found, is the one thing I have to offer the world."

What made you want to come back?

There were a few things that I didn't like while I was still on the tour. It just felt like I was doing the same things over and over again, going to the same places and the waves weren't that good and the money wasn't getting any better and the competition wasn't changing as far as who the competitors were. There were a few problems with the judging system. All those things have improved since then. And every contest we have is in a good location, if not a great location.

What's the major difference between now and '98?

To get the really great scores you have to do something ultra-radical instead of just riding the wave nicely. There have been times in the past when guys have gotten 10-point rides and really haven't performed to the utmost of their abilities or what the wave was asking for – it's not a crowd-favorite type of surfing. We as surfers always want to see the sport evolve and change and try to get the performances to

Virtual high-tide: Allow Kelly Slater to demonstrate.

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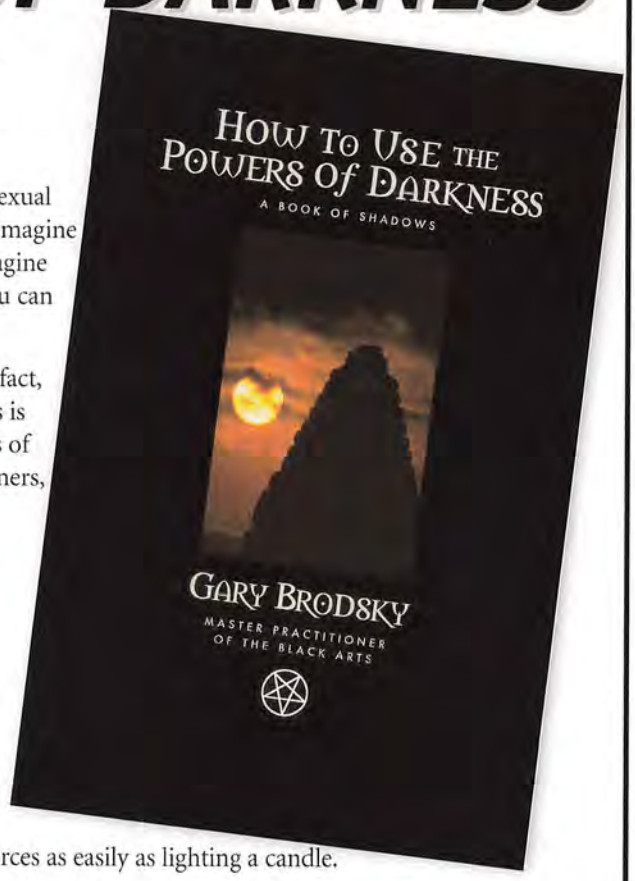
THE POWERS OF DARKNESS

The following statement seems fantastic, but it is undeniably true.

Centuries ago man understood and controlled forces of unbelievable power.



Imagine being able to control those around you. Imagine having sexual powers beyond your wildest imaginings. Imagine fearing no one. Imagine having the ability to create your own infinite source of wealth. Imagine wielding the power to bend the laws of nature. No matter what you can imagine, it was once reality.

Today little is know about the uses of such dark enchantments. In fact, most of what survives, such as Astrology, Crystals, and Tarot Cards is so watered-down as to be practically meaningless. The true origins of most New Age rituals are unknown to most modern-day practitioners, lost over the centuries as such wisdom became more and more shrouded in secrecy. Obviously, those with the knowledge and power weren't too eager to share it with others.

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where we are pushing ourselves.

What do you think about the increasing popularity of big-wave riding? It seems to be driving the sport these days, at least in media coverage.

The only time you see surfing on TV is when the waves are 50 feet, you know? The average person doesn't know who the world champion in surfing is, but everyone knows where Mavericks is [the monster-wave spot at Half-Moon Bay near San Francisco]. That kind of stuff is awesome. It's unbelievable for someone who doesn't surf to imagine riding a 60-foot wave. It's like a fantasy thing.

Have you been doing more of that during the past three years that you've been off the circuit?

It doesn't matter if I'm on or off the circuit, if the waves are big and I'm there, I'm gonna go out. Every now and then if I hear there's a huge swell somewhere I'll fly there. I've been into riding big waves since I was about 20 years old.

***Kelly Slater's Pro Surfer* is your first video game. Why now?**

The idea came up about two years ago, obviously after the success of Tony Hawk's game. Who doesn't grow up on video games? When I was a kid I was crazy about video games. I have to get an *Asteroids* machine. I grew up playing *Asteroids* with my dad. I was just excited for it to happen.

Did you have input into the creation of this game?

I've been involved in pretty much every stage since the beginning. Everything new that happens, they show me and ask my opinion and what I'd like to see happen. Probably my biggest involvement has been on the animation part of the characters, getting the styles right. That's the one thing that really makes the surfers stand out.

Have your goals changed with respect to this comeback, or do you still expect to be the champ again?

My goal this year is to win a world title. If I don't, though, I'm okay with that, totally okay with that, because I feel like now it's kind of icing on the cake of my career.

"SURFING IS THE ONE THING I HAVE TO OFFER THE WORLD."

Ball Breakers

Video games have made it possible for shut-ins to surf alongside Kelly Slater, skate with Tony Hawk and to otherwise dominate sports in ways you could never do in real life. Not being good enough for the NFL doesn't mean you're not good enough for *NFL Blitz*. But if you're new to the league, and don't know which games are the pros and which are the scrubs, here are five of the best sports video games around.

[1] MADDEN NFL (EA Sports)
With the most realistic plays and players, a look that'll make your roommate think it's the NFL on NBC, and an attention to detail the detectives on *C.S.I.* would appreciate, *Madden* is the only game for pigskin purists and couch coaches searching for Super Bowl glory.

[2] TONY HAWK'S PRO SKATER (Activision)
The godfather of extreme sports games, *Tony Hawk* brought the thrill of skateboarding to the klutzy. It has you doing tricks for points like a working girl, but this is one bit of whorin' that won't leave you feeling dirty.

[3] NBA 2K (Sega Sports)
A favorite of pro ballers and hip-hop stars alike, the *NBA 2K* games give Michael Jordan wannabes a good reason to stay inside. The games even boast a street court mode, where you play three-on-three like you used to in the 'hood.

[4] SSX (EA Sports Big)
One of the smarter choices for a sports-to-video-conversion we can think of, the *SSX* games bring the thrill of snowboarding to the couch-bound. And since it can be played as either a tricks contest or as a downhill racer, it's as much fun for showoffs as it is for speed freaks.

[5] NHL HITZ (Midway)
An arcade ice capade for people who think real hockey's gone soft, *Hitz* offers near-sighted refs, brutal checking and three-on-three matches. It not only encourages fighting, but it even lets you battle it out like you're playing *Mortal Kombat*.

Paul Semel

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Son of the Vampire

AUTHOR CHRISTOPHER RICE EMBRACES THE FAMILY BUSINESS TO EXPLORE HIS OWN AMERICAN GOTHIC IN A NEW NOVEL, THE SNOW GARDEN.

Novelist Christopher Rice welcomes a guest into his West Hollywood digs with his Southern manners intact, leading the way past torchieres of amber and wrought iron. Candles in all stages of meltdown are arranged artfully around a massive fireplace. And on the wall hangs a troubling, but oddly beautiful painting. In it, several souls are drowning, sea plankton and plant life floating around their inert bodies. It was created by a friend, but the work is much like his own: a brave look at the startling reality of life ... and death.

Tall and slim, the 23-year-old wordsmithing wunderkind has just published a new mystery-thriller, *The Snow Garden*, a mesmerizing page-turner in which wealthy college students unravel each other's sexual and personal identities while simultaneously becoming embroiled in murder. "It's got the trappings of a big-budget studio picture," Rice says with a smile. "It's got that sort of spectacle. But it's got very subversive and heavy, heavy sexual content."

In it, Kathryn, a pure of heart girl with an awful secret, and Randall, a semi-closeted homo-

sexual with an even more horrifying history, are brought together as much by their disdain for the insincerity of college cliques as by their mutual understanding. Rice feels close to both characters. "I'm an even split between Randall and Kathryn," he admits.

He points out a cover shot of himself in the Advocate, looking just as sultry and petulant as you can imagine Randall. "I'm haunted by certain things because I didn't have a good high school experience. The 'snow garden' is a metaphor for people being incapable of moving forward and letting go of their pain. Memories freeze you and keep you from the present and the future," he says, paraphrasing a theme from the book.

"I was gay and afraid to 'come out.' When you're attending an almost all-white, uptown, private high school in New Orleans... that's definitely an issue. Even now, when I go home, I don't like driving past my old high school."

Looking again at his image in the gay publication, one can easily see Randall as merely a twisted extension of himself. "I ruminate and brood on certain things. Maybe that's

> "THERE WAS A DESIRE WHEN I WENT AWAY TO COLLEGE TO HAVE NO ONE EVER FIND OUT THAT I WAS ANNE RICE'S SON."

also the nature of how I live my life, which is that I spend a lot of time alone, trying to write," Rice says. He allows a peek into his office, a corner room with books and CDs by Moby and Pink piled around a tiny desk, atop which rests the trappings of the lonely artist: a computer, an empty coffee mug and countless cigarette stubs.

There's more common ground: "Randall constantly retains his identity...there was that desire when I went away to college to have no one ever find out that I was Anne Rice's son."

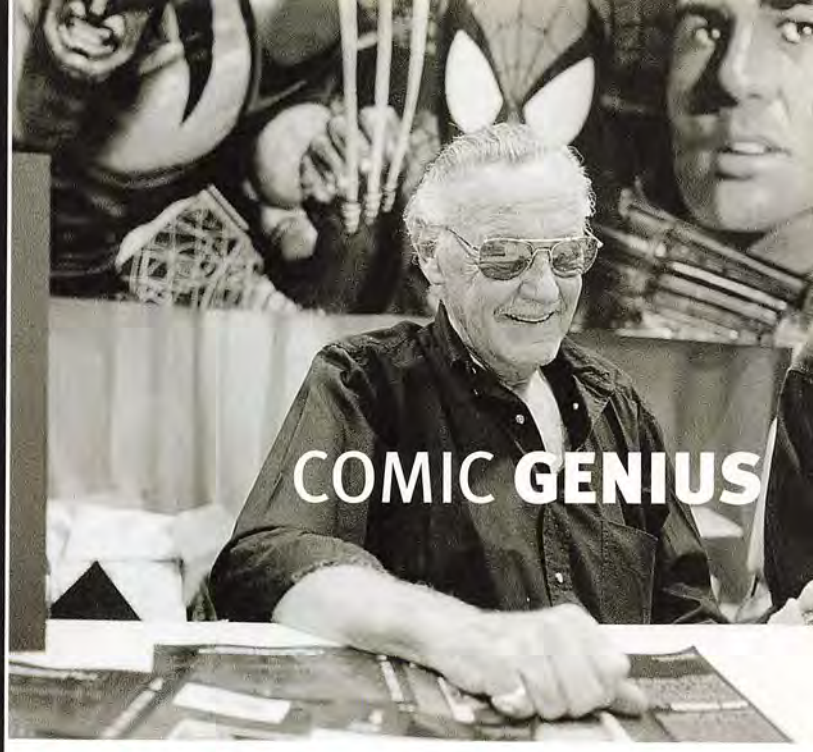
Ah, yes. His mother is the celebrated author who breathed new life into the ancient vampire and witch genres. His father is the noted poet/artist Stan Rice, whose painting of a butler holding a severed head aloft on a tray once hung above the dining room table of Christopher's childhood home. Both the macabre and the gift of storytelling are part of his genetic make-up.

Rice always took his writing skills for granted, concentrating mostly on theater. After briefly attending Brown and NYU, he moved to L.A. to pursue screenwriting. While there, a friend invited Rice to read his prose at a workshop. "I read a short story that I had written," recalls Rice. "It was a homo-erotic story and the audience was mixed, and I had no idea how it would go over. I was terrified." But the audience seemed to love his work. Encouraged, he tossed it into his luggage when he flew home to his mother's bedside while she was in a brief diabetic coma. "As she was getting better, I ended up going back to the story and seeing what I could expand."

The result was his highly acclaimed first novel, *A Density of Souls*, which allowed him his best revenge. "I had people come up to me from my high school that had never talked to me back then, the last people that I would think would say anything." He grins again and adds, "I pissed a lot of people off... and that's good."

Adrianne Stone

photo **patrick hoelck @ racermedia** grooming **kiki benet** location **quixote studio**, la right: photo **steve appleford**



COMIC GENIUS

Stan Lee, the father of Spider-Man and The Hulk, talks about his new babies.

Stan Lee is one of your favorite authors. Not only did he co-create such superheroes as Spider-Man, The Fantastic Four, The Hulk, Daredevil and The X-Men, but he also penned many of their greatest adventures. And now, with many of his heroes making their way into the movies, and Lee putting his spin on Batman and Superman, Stan "The Man" Lee is busier than ever. *Excelsior!*

What happened to your part in the *Spider-Man* movie?

Oh, it's terrible. I had a great part, but the movie ran too long, and they cut it out. I was standing in the street, selling sunglasses, and when Peter Parker walks by I say, "Hey, would you like a pair of these? They're the kind they wore in *The X-Men*."

That's funny.

I also did one where I'm showing the glasses to this little girl, but there's an explosion and I run away. But I said to Sam [Rami, the director], "That's not right, I should pick her up and take her with me." But I couldn't lift her up. I was tugging and tugging, but I don't know, I think she had lead bones. And finally Sam said, "Y'know Stan, if we do it your way, this is going to be a mini-series." So we did it again, and I just grabbed the girl by the hand and led her away. But anyway, that whole thing was cut out.

Will you be reprising your role as a hot dog vender in *X-Men 2*?

I hope so. Maybe I'll sell something else if they can instruct me in my motivation. It isn't easy. I had to decide, is this just [a] job, or is it a dedication on my part? How many hot dogs have I sold? Am I tired? There's so much to consider...

You recently put your own spin on Batman, Superman and other DC characters. What did your pals at Marvel think?

They know it's just a passing thing, they know I haven't quit Marvel to work for DC. I think it's a compliment that DC would want a Marvel man to do some of their characters in the Marvel style.

What else are you working on these days?

I've formed a company called POW! Entertainment – Purveyors Of Wonder. We're doing a cartoon with Pam Anderson – she's doing the voice. I just love doing new things. I'd rather create something new than work on something I've already done.

Paul Semel

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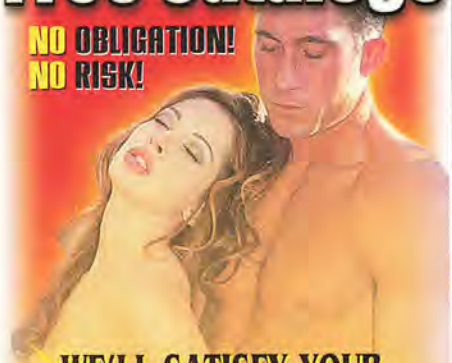

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